

CHARGE OF LIGHT CAVALRY AT BALAKLAVA.

[We conceive the following Ode, published in the *Journal of Commerce*, to possess more than ordinary merit. The Poet Laureate of England had, indeed, already struck the lyre, and given expression, in no mean diction, to the lament of nations over so much fallen bravery and worth. Since the lament of David for the death of Jonathan on the mountains of Gilboa, few more noble funereal strains had woken "the echoes of the world." The self same spirit appears to have animated the author of the present Ode, who, unable to free himself from the influence of the tremendous imagery summoned up by Tennyson, imagery suggested, it may be equally to both by the incidents of the occasion, yet introduces it with a comparison quite equal, we imagine, to any in the description of the opening combats of Milton's hosts:—*Churchman.*]

AT BALAKLAVA.

"CHARGE!" rung a voice
Along the waiting lines:
Like sudden wind
That strikes the forest pines,
And then drops dead upon the leaves it stirred;
So fell, with a dead sound, that cruel word.
Charge? why, 'twas wild!—
Stern chieftains held their breath
To make the braves of Albion
Charge the Realms of Death!
"CHARGE!" rung that voice along the waiting
ranks,
Then scabbards clashed against the chargers'
flanks,
Then through the opening made
Rushed dauntless, undismayed,
The flower of England's chivalry—
The gallant LIGHT BRIGADE!
"CHARGE!"
And they charged, O God! thro' iron rain!
Through bursting shells and hissing balls
Even to the Russians' fiery walls—
Braid them a wreath!—
Behind they left a sickening train
Of heroes, mangled, dying, slain—
Braid them a wreath!
On, through scorching sheets of flame!
On, where the mouthing cannons flashed!
Where hand-grenade and rocket crashed—
On, through sulphurous cloud and shell
Into the purple heart of hell!
On, as to victory they dashed
Instead of death! On! on they came
To immortality, and fame
That mocks the little tyranny of Death!
O Britons! when your lips shall boast
Of fields and sceptres you have won,
Of WATERLOO and WELLINGTON!
O, honor and revere them most,

The flower of chivalry ye lost
At BALAKLAVA!

And when ye pour the blood-red wine,
Freely as 'twere a mountain flood,
When chalices and hearts are brimmed,
O Britons! let your eyes be dimmed,
For free as wine ran martyr blood

At BALAKLAVA!

Oh! who in after times can say
One man was bravest in the fray?
For all were heroes on that day,

At BALAKLAVA!

And "LIGHT BRIGADE" shall deathless be
Upon the scroll of History,
And on the lips of Poesy*!

March, 1855.

T. B. A.

*The author refers to Mr. Tennyson's Ode, which will take its place with such noble lyrics as Campbell's *Hohenlinden* and Burns' *Bannockburn*.

T. B. A.

From Notes and Queries.

"WHAT I SPENT." etc. The epitaph alluded to was in Tiverton Church, on the tomb of Edward Courtenay, third Earl of Devon, commonly called "the blind and good earl," who died 1419, and his countess Maud, daughter of Lord Camois. The following was the true inscription:

Hoe, hoe! who lies here?
I, the goode Erie of Devonshire;
With Maud, my wife, to me full dere,
We lyed together fyfty-fye yere.
What wee gave, wee have;
What wee spent, we had;
What wee lefte, wee loste.

Bristol.

J. R. W.

Doncaster, in Yorkshire.

Howe! howe! who is heare?
I, Robin of Doncastere,
And Margaret my feare.
That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have,
That I left, that I lost.

A. D. 1579. Quoth Robertus Byrkes, who in this world did reigne threescore years and seven, yet liv'd not one.

This man gave Rossington Wood to the public. I have found two or three inscriptions like this: one in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; another in St. Olave Church, Hart Street, in Southwark; and a third in the church of St. Faith, as part of the epitaph of one William Lamb. But the oldest, and that from which the others may have been taken, is in the choir of St. Peter's Church at St. Albans. There was to be seen in Scotland, some years ago, upon a

very old stone, the same thought thus expressed:—

It that I give, I haif,
It that I len, I craif,
It that I spend, is myne,
It that I leif, I tyne.

This is an extract from Hackett's *Epitaphs*, vol. i. p. 37. edit. 1757. J. R. M., M. A.

In reply to W. the following is the original of the lines he quoted:

“ Quod expendi habui,
Quod donavi habeo,
Quod negavi punior,
Quod servavi perdidit.”

BRISTOLIENSIS.

THE HANDCOCK-CLANRICARDE CASE.

It seems impossible that the statement made by the Irish Attorney-General to the Dublin Court of Chancery in the case of “Handcock *versus* Delacour, otherwise De Burgh” can be suffered to pass without some explanation from a person whose name has been implicated. Public men are open to the attacks of calumny; and many a “romance of real life,” as this has of course been termed, has included much more striking details, more touching incidents, more amusing passages, and more harrowing scenes. Nevertheless, the imputations conveyed by the statement of the Attorney General are not of a kind to be dismissed as the obvious inventions of calumny. Some charges of culpable conduct may be deplorable and true, and yet the public man may pass unchallenged among his erring fellows; but not under charges of this kind. Men may be misconstrued, traduced, condemned with unjust harshness, and yet not always be able or expected to establish a defence. Lord John Russell has been charged with faction, Lord Palmerston with treachery, and, to continue the climax, the Duke of Newcastle with incapacity; and perhaps the soundest defence that either one of these noblemen could make would still leave a residuum of envious belief.—But men who go into public must consent to meet that kind of moral discomfort as they do the elements, or the dirt beneath their feet if they walk abroad. Calumny may even take a personal turn, and not be fully rebutted. Lord Melbourne and Mr. Rogers have been the object of speculative enterprise or of harsh suspicion. The Peerage is not without its criminal records, as more families than that of Ferrers too well know; and as to irregularities in the genealogy, the peerage is the great repertory for romance of real life in that direction. Chief Justice Jervis says that the public conduct of a public man is open to discussion, but not his personal conduct. The public, however, never will consent to be trammelled by the packthread restrictions of legal refinement, and it is as sure to discuss any conduct of public men as idle boys in the street

to fling snow-balls if there be snow and passers.

The Handcock case differs from all of these both in the incidents of the narrative and the form which the imputation takes. We may have every degree of human vice and irregularity, from the horrible crime of a *Duc de Praalin* to the last case in which a husband and wife came before the courts, and we may be shocked at the malignity or may despise the shameless levity; but in most of these cases the accused, however criminal or silly, does not stand coldly apart, but is the sport of some strong passion, and runs his risks. The narrative of the Irish Attorney-General presents a story for which we believe there is no parallel. The truth of the story remains absolutely unattested by the proceedings in court; it is impossible for any man who peruses it in the reports to say whether he believes or disbelieves the statement. It may be a true tale, it may be a fictitious libel. But let us consider what the story professes to disclose. A nobleman first appears as a go-between, arranging the marriage of a young gentleman, still under age, with a handsome designing woman. Some thirteen years later an intimacy is detected between that nobleman and that woman; and a child afterwards appears as the adopted son of the woman, sometimes bearing the name of the nobleman. Again the nobleman acts as a go-between, reconciling wife and husband; providing the husband with a physician, the daughters—one of whom was laboring under a mortal infirmity—with a lawyer; and promoting wills and deeds which transfer property from the husband and the daughters to the wife and ultimately redound to the interest of the mysterious child. The conduct of the nobleman does not form a primary part of the case in court; it comes out incidentally. The story was not met by point-blank denial, but by statements of fact presented as if they were incompatible; which they do not seem to have been, either in logic or in deed. The interference has one tendency—it promotes the plans of the mother, unnaturally base as they were; but the auxiliary preserved a position of safety for himself. Such is the story which is stated in court, is uncontradicted, and is not subjected to any test of examination or judgment.

Now this tale, we say, differs from almost all cases of irregular conduct in life. The nobleman is represented as doubling the parts of the profligate roné and the wicked attorney. The character is represented in an aspect of meanness which must make any society of gentlemen shrink from the contact. It may be said, and justly, that the case was so presented in court as not to facilitate the direct denial which perhaps may be in reserve; yet its utterance in so solemn a form as statements in Chancery invests it with an air of authority, that, in the absence of contradiction, challenges belief. It is difficult to understand how a nobleman with that story hanging over him can make his appearance in an assembly like the House of Peers, whose own character is impugned in a member of their exclusive body.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XXVII.—PREPARATIONS.

TIME and the hour, which wait for no man, pass on with measured footsteps, and never pause to reckon how this household thinks or feels.—The short winter days glide by drearily—the long nights lag out their appointed hours. The great family *réve*, once so joyously anticipated, comes every hour nearer, throwing before it no longer a vision of pleasure, but a shadow of dread. To Philip, who looks forward with nervous impatience, longing to have it over—to Mrs. Vivian, who shrinks more than she did at first from the thought of changed friends and lost fortune—to Margaret, who looks for this as the conclusion of her fate, the hour of decision which shall make it apparent whether she has chosen a false heart or a true one, in the first preference of her youth—the day approaches, solemnly important, an era and epoch beyond which life must begin anew. Even to Sophy the secret hope of pleasure—which Sophy cannot quite dissociate from a great entertainment—seems something guilty and unacknowledged; and no one in the Grange can see beyond this eventful day, except Elizabeth, whose faithful bridegroom claims her promise, and gravely smiles at thought of change; and Percy, whose fortune always was to seek, and who knows no personal dismay. In the meantime, the preparations go on as if nothing had happened—as if Philip's birthday was but the consummation of Philip's natural heirship, and not the last on which he should appear as master of his father's house.

Preparations—everything exactly as it was planned; but there was no longer any heart in them—no longer any quickening spring of anticipation to make their labors pleasant. Decorously and quiet, preserving their family secret with dignified reserve, the disinherited household went about the necessary arrangements for receiving their invited guests, and celebrating the day of festivity which had become such a day of fate. "It is still my son's birthday—it is still the day on which the head of the house comes of age," said Mrs. Vivian proudly, but with a quivering lip; and Philip's heart beat high as he anticipated that first grave duty which fell to him as family head on his own festival. He himself, and no other, must pronounce him disinherited. The office came to him in right of his position; and never had Philip thought of the Grange and its lands with half the pride which inspired him now, looking at the inalienable heirship which nature had given him, and which no man could take away.

So rooms were prepared and furniture arranged—the pretty labors of the young ladies' room went on as before—and Sophy owned a thrill of delight in her first glance at the new dress, her mother's present, which was to be worn on that eventful night. Everything proceeded as the family councils had planned. True, the hearts were heavy which had been light, and eyes wandered blankly abroad upon an unknown future—tolsome, uncertain, and poor—which once had seen but the unclouded sunshine of an affluent

lot; but this did not affect the general surface of things, and the circle of preparations proceeded as before.

In one solitary chamber another kind of preparation also proceeded. Zaidee Vivian, solitary and sedulous, stooped for hours over her childish copy-book, earnestly and sincerely bent on this accomplishment of penmanship. Here was a matter in which her rapid mind and undeveloped powers served her nothing; but never scholar devoted himself to the most dazzling mental achievement, with more conscientious endeavor than Zaidee did to this. And rising from her copy-book, the girl would go to her little wardrobe and turn over her simple garments, and decide for the twentieth time what she would take. The question rather was, what she *could* take; for Zaidee knew that she must depart secretly, letting no one know when she went, or leaving the slightest clue to trace her by. These were the most obvious of her preparations; and other hours of her time were spent in dreams and wonderings over the unknown world and the new lot on which she was about to rush. And if poor Zaidee's dreams were sometimes high-flown and fanciful—if her imagination brightened with thought of incidents and adventures never likely to break upon the humble existence she had chosen, it would be a hard judgment that could condemn Zaidee. There is a stubborn infidelity in youth, which rejects the thought of unhappiness. The saddest young misanthrope in the world has glorious chances in his vision which your happy man of middle age wots not of. In the depths of her heart Zaidee was sad—very sad, desolate, heart-broken; yet such beautiful hopes came to comfort her—such fair romances rose in her mind—ways and means of coming home again, "some time" when no harm would spring from her home-coming. They were very fallacious, very impossible, these wild fancies, yet they supported her like veritable aids.

And the beautiful bride prepared in *her* retirement for her new life—prepared herself with sweet serious thoughts of duty and right—with schemes of love and kindness—with purposes of good. A simple woman in all things, Elizabeth did not cease to take pleasure in the external preparations—the pretty wardrobe—the sisterly gifts which she should carry with her to her new home. The family trial, great as it was, could not shake the sweet natural equipoise, the balance of mind and temper, which made her, in her humility, a support and comfort to them all. But this very misfortune brought to Elizabeth a secret and a deeper joy than any less disastrous change could have afforded her. She had it in her power now to help and to uphold; not only the natural necessity of sympathy and love, but a hundred tender offices—real service and comfort—would now be hers to render. She took the blessing out of the grief with thankfulness, and looked forward, fearing nothing; but already with an untold glow of pleasure, feeling how they all clung to her, and how already she was of service to them all.

And Percy, in an overflow of hopes and intentions, prophesies, with a flushing cheek, of better fortune to be won than that which is lost;

and reminds his mother, affectionate and proud, that she has "two sons!" And Philip, with the gravity of manhood on his youthful face, considers deeply what he had best do for the welfare and support of all: yet cannot doubt that the exertions he is so eager to make will win success and triumph almost as great as those vague triumphs of hope which Percy prophesies. And Margaret, with flushes of varying color, and eyes which grow wistful and searching in a real melancholy, believes she labors to prepare herself for certainty of the evil she dreads; yet is deluded nevertheless, unwittingly, with a tremulous hope. Even Sophy, whose delight in her pretty dress quickens into excitement as the day to wear it draws nigh, secretly prepares too for looking well and enjoying herself on this night of nights. "If it is the last time, one may as well try not to be very unhappy," says Sophy to herself, with true philosophy; and, indeed, it is hard to persuade oneself to be very unhappy in prospect of such a festival as this.

And so after their different fashions proceed the preparations of the Vivians of the Grange.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MARGARET.

And Margaret, meanwhile, goes on with that secret labor, the picture which was to surprise Elizabeth as the crowning gift of her bride-time; goes sadly on with it, tears coming into her eyes sometimes, and blinding her, as she stands before her little easel. Margaret's ambition is high, if her skill is not extraordinary.—In this great effort of hers, she has left her pencil and her water-colors, and boldly taken brush in hand.—But Margaret's pride and Margaret's ambition are sadly quenched in those tears. Her great landscape has somewhat lost its interest. The view is a view of Briarford from the window of the Grange—that familiar view which they all look forth upon every day; but the far-stretching paths mingle and grow dim as the young painter's eyes fill with moisture, and the tower of Briarford church loses its outline under the hand which trembles with unlooked-for agitation. Unconsciously Margaret Vivian had lingered upon one line which threaded her landscape, and touched its bits of foliage with a tenderer hand. Now as she stands contemplating her picture, her eye traces this Woodchurch road with a wistful, imaginative glance; but Margaret Vivian may look forth upon the road to Woodchurch, morning and evening, for many a lingering day, before she sees the figure she looks for, bending its steps towards the Grange.

At the present moment, another thought has occurred to Margaret, which for the time suffices to steady her hand, and give spirit to her labors. This room where she labors in secret is one of the more modern chambers of the Grange, and Margaret has criticized its light, and complained of its imperfections with the true amateur technicality. In a like spirit, the ordinary arrangements of the apartment have been disturbed; for, unlike a true workman, Margaret makes much of her tools—is pleased to spread them around her in all directions—and rather likes to see, upon table-cover or carpet, a stain of paint.

But this is not the Margaret of a month ago: true and strong feeling has buried many little affectations—real trial has thrust the girlish pensiveness away. Since her new thought struck her, she proceeds with her occupation almost as absorbed and earnest as Zaidee herself could be. Before that, when Margaret dallied, it was from the real listlessness of grief, and all her movements betray her; all her caprices and repents, her haste and her lingering, betray a sick heart, ill at ease and troubled, which even this beloved occupation has no power to set at rest.

And Zaidee, who wanders like a ghost through these familiar rooms—who, except in her own little chamber, can never be still for a moment, but tries to cheat her restless heart with motion—Zaidee stands by, looking on. She is not, to her own consciousness, observing her cousin at all. Her own mind, indeed, dwells in its own perpetual maze of thought, and thinks neither of the landscape nor the painter. But Zaidee cannot blind or even dim those vivid perceptions of hers; and though she does not look, she cannot choose but see.

A sudden desire to have some one's opinion strikes the artist, as she goes back slowly from her picture to observe the effect of those last touches. Looking round, Margaret sees her young cousin. No one feels offended with Zaidee; but a certain shade of importance has gathered round the household favorite since her secret became known.

"Did you ever see any pictures, Zay?" asked Margaret, pausing before she asked what Zaidee thought of this.

"No—except in the drawing-room, and at the Vicarage," said Zaidee. This Cheshire girl had never come in the way of exhibitions, and was a savage in respect to art.

"But these are not pictures—only portraits that you have seen," said the amateur. "I will tell you, Zaidee. If this were well done, I think perhaps it might be exhibited; and if I did another better, that might be sold. I shall never leave my mother," said Margaret, with a momentary faltering; and if we went to London, I might become an artist, and help them all. Zaidee, look. I know you don't understand about pictures—but tell me what you think of this?"

Zaidee looked at it doubtfully—so did Margaret. Margaret had learned to take rather a disparaging view of herself and all her doings within these few weeks; and, with a painful humility and distrust, which were very sincere if they were not very true, she waited for Zaidee's judgment, as if Zaidee could be a judge.

"I think it is very like Briarford," said Zaidee at last, slowly; "but I don't know what kind of day it is—it is not like."

Margaret threw down her brush abruptly, and clapped her hands. "I see, I see!" said Margaret. "It is like Briarford, but it is not like nature. There now; don't think I am angry. That is it—that is it!"

"For I never looked out yet, but there was wind among the trees, and clouds over the sky," said Zaidee, in a deprecating undertone; "and

I never saw the sea look blue, but only tawny, and foamy, and brown; but it is very like Briarford. When Elizabeth sees it, she will think of home. I should like to have such a picture too!"

"You!" Margaret thought it only a girlish compliment, and took no notice of the heavy sigh with which Zaidee concluded her wish. "I wonder how people manage to paint air and wind," proceeded Margaret, disconsolately. "I have seen them as true in a picture as you see them out of doors. It must take great study, I fancy. Oh, I am quite a woman now; I have lost so many years!"

"But you are a beautiful painter, are you not?" asked Zaidee.

Thus put upon her honor, the amateur was slow to respond. She looked again at her canvas. Nothing could be more correct than the form of Briarford church and the outline of those gable ends, and cottage roofs; and distinct as a map the Wood-church road traversed Margaret's picture, and other wavy lines of pathway wandered through the scene. Twisted oak-trees, studied from the life, and hedgerows carefully copied from the real hedgerows, made it authentic; but the painter looked upon it with disenchanted eyes. Alas! not even a Cheshire gale could drive those painted clouds along that painted sky—not an equinoctial blast could whirl about those branches. It was Briarford, but it was not nature—a portrait, but no picture—pure paint, every bit of it, and nothing more.

"Zaidee," said Margaret, confidential and humiliated, as she turned away, "I have all to begin again."

Zaidee made no answer; and her cousin went away towards the window, saying to herself once more, "To begin again." And not only in painting, poor Margaret! not only in the amusement, the accomplishment which she had hoped to make into an art—to unlearn her youthful liking—to withdraw her fresh young heart from its first tenderness and trust—to learn that bitter lore, which tells of broken faith and ungenerous motive; a hard lesson always. It was doubly hard in the complication of evils. "And I cannot go away like Philip or Percy," said Margaret to herself half aloud. "A woman cannot trust to herself; a woman must always look to others; and I cannot even work, to put the thought away."

She stopped, for a sudden revulsion changed her thoughts. Something must have happened to keep her woos from her side. Forsaken!—it was not possible; and she who could dream of such a change was the only guilty and ungenerous person. No one else was to be blamed. With a flush of anger at herself, Margaret lifted the pencil which had fallen from her hand, and returned to her picture. Zaidee still stood looking on; but Zaidee could not comprehend the shy flush of reviving animation—the comforting self-reproach of this returning hope.

CHAPTER XXIX.—GOING AWAY.

You cannot call yonder pale light in the eastern sky a sunrise; you cannot hail this dreary chill, which pierces to the bone, as the sweet

breath of morning. Yet it is certain, by the insensible brightening of all the landscape round us, by the gradual emergence of one point after another, rising from the gloom, that another November day has risen upon the world. The grass is crusted with hoar frost, and the same fairy tinge of whiteness has lighted upon walls, and trees, and houses, as far as you can see. Calmer than usual, a dull overhanging cloud covers the sky, and farmyard sounds of rural awakening come to you over the wide country, with a muffled cadence, subdued out of their sharpness by the subdued atmosphere through which they float.

The only friend of whom she dares take leave stands with Zaidee Vivian now, in a dull dark bit of pathway, leading from the Grange to the Hill of Briarford. The narrow little road is half hidden with dark bushes of furze, with sharp, leafless brambles and stunted hawthorn, and goes up and down with steps of rock and slants of sandy soil, a devious ascent to the higher ground. In a little hollow at the side of this narrow foot-track, you can see the stately head of Sermonicus raised with expanded nostrils to the wind; and hanging over him is Zaidee, in a speechless burst of grief. Sermo cannot tell what it means. Sermo knows nothing of all this human distress and tribulation; but with a wistful, melancholy howl, Sermo turns upon his youthful mistress a wondering and compassionate eye.

Zaidee is dressed for her journey in the brown, undecorated dress which is her everyday equipment, with her little cloak, and her close brown straw bonnet, refreshed with a new ribbon, since that deluge of rain through which she passed in her late visit to Angelina. A bundle, somewhat too large for her, lies on the road at Sermo's feet; a very little basket is in Zaidee's hand,—and she is going away.

Looking back for the last time to see the Grange—looking round for the last time to take a melancholy farewell of this bleak rock-bound country, with its perpetual gales and cloudy sky; the heavenliest calm of Italian blue could never charm the soul of Zaidee Vivian like this tumultuous rush of clouds and stormy vapors, those gleams of laughing sunshine and variable shadow, which keep a perpetual vicissitude of life and motion upon those Cheshire fields. With lingering wistful eyes she turns and looks her last upon this broad and wind-swept scene—hears the trees swaying with a mournful cadence in the cold morning breeze—sees the great cloud overhead breaking up into lesser masses, and drifting hither and thither to every point of the sky—low down and quiet at her feet sees the smoke curling from new-lit cottage fires at Briarford—gazes along those solitary lines of road—strains her eyes to see the tawny flow of yonder far away sea—and, turning once more to Sermo, with a tug at her heart, as though it were rending, weeps—but does not say farewell.

Now, Sermo, go home. Poor faithful hound, go back to the roof that has a right to shelter you. No roof, henceforth, is sacred to Zaidee; no such place as home is in the dreary world she sets her face to. Her heart swells as if it must

burst; great drops of dumb and speechless anguish come to Zaidee's eyes. Turning towards the hill for a few quick, faltering steps, she stumbles on, then looks back once more to wave her hand to the wistful, lingering Sermonicus, and bid him go home; and then hastily averting her head, covering her eyes with her hand, pressing hurriedly forward that she may not be tempted to another farewell look, Zaidee Vivian, an orphan, and desolate, sets out upon her journey. Only another flat expanse of Cheshire pastures stretches beyond this little hill; but to Zaidee it is the world—strange and pitiless; the world, unknown, and full of high perils and excitements, which lies upon the other side of Briarford Hill.

Boy, setting forth upon the world with manhood and fortune before you, leaving home is but a troubled joy to you, for their is Hope at your elbow, almost contemptuous of the easy conquests she will find in the unknown, and all the farewells ringing after you are brightened with thoughts of your return. But this poor solitary girl—an unconscious hero—turns her back upon home and all its comforts, with a desolate prayer never to come back again. Zaidee must not store these Uplands in her memory, to recognize them lovingly when she returns. She must not dream of yonder door thrown open, of the family home lighted up with rejoicing, and the family arms extended in loving welcome to hail her homecoming. Zaidee's only desire must be, that they should forget her; that here, in this familiar country, her very existence should become a forgotten thing; that no unhappy chance should bring her back where law and authority will compel the child to do her dearest friends a grievous wrong. A dreary wish is this, which turns her face so steadily from the world of her acquaintance to that other world beyond the range of Briarford, and dreary prayers are in Zaidee's heart. Carrying her bundle in her arms, absorbed in her own thoughts, she passes through the dim morning air, through lonely paths and over broken bits of rock, and knots of brushwood. No one has seen her leave the Grange; no one sees her threading these unfrequent byways. Fall or stumble as she may, there is no one to help her up again; no one to relieve her of her burden, or direct her steps. Once for all, in this self-decided course of hers, Zaidee has given up all human aids and friendships. Like Una, but without Una's lion—without the dangerous dignity of Una's beauty—not a woman even, only a child—Zaidee Vivian sets out upon the world.

Few people have a clear eye for their own position in its true shape, and Zaidee had no pretensions to be wiser than the many. Her general sense of desolation and solitude could scarcely have been increased, yet the poor child had as slight an apprehension of the real life which she designed for herself as Sermo had; but her self-dedication was not limited by her fancy. "They will think me ungrateful to go away and never say a word," said Zaidee, as the tears came silently and dropped upon her hands; "but nobody will ever tell me when I do wrong now; for I will never see one of them again."

And Zaidee thought of aunt Vivian's occasional lectures, of Elizabeth's mild rebuke, of Margaret's momentary pettishness, and put up her hand to her eyes with a long sigh. "Nobody will care for me enough to blame me now," said Zaidee. This was her idea of the life among strangers. But far different was Zaidee's own palpitating heart, and suppressed excitement, from the indifference which she expected to meet. Nothing worse than indifference could the child of so kind a home realize; she knew of unkindness and oppression only by the name.

A great sum of money, five entire pounds, which Zaidee had asked for, to the great astonishment of aunt Vivian, supplied her purse. In her bosom was the letter of the Curate's wife. Many a time already had Zaidee looked at that address, and conjured up visions of the Mrs. Disbrowe, and the Bedford Place to which it directed her; but her heart was almost too heavy now to return to those dreams. Now the dim morning sweeps over the Grange, lying quiet and stationary, an immovable landmark upon the eminence at the foot of the hill; and now the ascending path reveals the young traveller, with her slight dark figure and dreamy rapid pace, against the pale background of sky; and pausing once to look before her upon the new scene rising yonder, Zaidee plunges into the world with a low cry. The plunge is made with her first step upon the other side of this rock-ribbed Hill of Briarford. A moment since, and she was within sight of home;—now disappeared and gone into the world, a simple martyr, Zaidee Vivian, in that involuntary outcry, bids her former self and her former life farewell.

CHAPTER XXX.—MISSING.

"Zay has gone out, mamma; I cannot find her," said Sophy, coming in to the family breakfast table, where the family were assembled. "Poor Zay! I think she wants no breakfast to-day."

The family party was increased by the presence of Elizabeth's bridegroom, and his father Colonel Morton, and by uncle and aunt Blundell—but was still a family party, and each member of it fully aware how matters stood. This understanding threw a cloud over the little company. Philip, who had attained his present elaborate composure by a great effort, sat at the foot of the long table, anxiously attentive to every one, and trying to wear off with this occupation the excitement he found it impossible to escape. Mrs. Vivian, on the contrary, was more reserved and silent than usual; while aunt Blundell elevated her erect tall person over the breakfast table, and kept up a vigilant inspection with her keen gray eyes. Aunt Blundell, herself a pattern of propriety, was very much afraid that some one of her nephews or nieces might "commit themselves," and either show an improper amount of emotion at the family catastrophe, or not enough. In especial, Mrs. Blundell was concerned for Margaret. No glamor blinded the eye of the match-making aunt. She had the coolest conviction that "that very handsome young man" would never throw himself away upon the

younger daughter of a disinherited house ; and with her vigilant eyes aunt Blundell sat upon the watch lest Margaret should betray her feelings. Poor Margaret altogether succumbed under this, and sat, drawn back from the table, pale and silent, oppressed by the steady observation which seemed to read her heart.

"Poor Zay ! poor child ! " said one after another of the Vivians. Colonel Morton looked round him with an angry stare. Colonel Morton was tall and stout, with eyes looking out, very wide open and full, from a face always suffused with fervid color—deep brownish red, of which you might attribute half to the burning Indian suns, and half to a perennial warmth of natural choler. "Poor Zay ! " said Philip's guardian, "she is simply the only person in this house today who needs no pity. Do you hear me, Philip ? Poor Zay ! If she thinks herself so, it is slighting Providence. How dare she receive such an inheritance, and not be thankful ? Mrs. Vivian, I cannot, for the life of me, make out what those young fools mean."

"I should think very ill of Zaidee if I could believe she was not grieved to supplant my boy," said Mrs. Vivian with spirit.

"Grieved ! Of course she must be ashamed to show her face among us," said aunt Blundell ; "and quite natural. So many advantages lost, for her ! So many prospects shewn away ! "

Margaret Vivian drew back in greater discomposure than before—aunt Blundell's eye searched the changes of her face with such relentless scrutiny. Margaret's heart sank within her, for it was scarcely possible to resist the steady conviction which that watchful look expressed.

"Let Zaidee rest, poor child ; I would not disturb her, mother," said Elizabeth. "She will want all her strength to-night."

Mrs. Vivian sighed a heavy sigh. Thinking of to-night, so solemn and momentous, she forgot Zaidee, and no one mentioned her again.

The day advanced, and, amid the universal occupation no one thought more of Zaidee. Her wandering habits—her dreamy disappearances and rambles, long permitted to the spoilt child—had come to their height in the confused and troublous interval since the old Squire's will was found ; and even Sophy, divided between the glow of expected pleasure and the excitement of expected pain, had no time to think of her absent cousin. If her name did occur to any one among them, it was "so natural," as aunt Blundell said, to suppose that Zaidee desired to be alone to-day. Everything had been laid out and arranged for her on the previous night by Mrs. Vivian's own hands : there was no need to disturb her ; and no suspicion of the truth prompted any one to open the closed door of Zaidee's room.

Only Sermo, disturbed by the surrounding bustle, stalked wistfully up and down the chill staircase, and along the windy passages ; now and then, when he stretched himself upon the pavement, venting his dismay and wonder in a long low howl of pathetic inquiry. But no one had leisure to heed Sermonicus ; and it was, not in his power, poor fellow, to communicate that last interview he had among the dark gorse and

brambles, or to ask an interpretation of Zaidee's farewell. But there was something wanting to the faithful Sermonicus, and he stalked about silently, seeking for Zaidee, where no one should ever find Zaidee again.

So it happened that the wintry nightfall was closing on the Grange, and Mrs. Vivian, too heavy at heart to speak to any one, was slowly dressing to receive her guests, when Sophy, with a very pale, scared, terror stricken face, burst into her mother's room. Sophy was half-dressed, and it must indeed have been some matter of moment which interrupted Sophy's careful toilet on so great an occasion as this.

"Mamma, I cannot find Zaidee," said Sophy, with breathless agitation. "I am afraid something has happened. I am afraid—oh, mamma, I beseech you come and see ! "

"Zaidee, always Zaidee," said Mrs. Vivian, with the petulance of personal distress. "This child is nothing different from what she was a month ago. Let her alone."

"But I cannot let her alone, for she is not there," cried Sophy. "I believe she has done something—I am afraid—I do not know what to think—oh, mamma, what will become of us if Zaidee has broken her heart ? "

"Zaidee's heart is too young to break," said Mrs. Vivian, folding her Shetland shawl round her shoulders. "It is too much to disturb me constantly with Zaidee. Sophy, child, your eyes are quite red, and your face flushed ; you can never appear down stairs if you excite yourself so.—Come, then, I will go with you, and see what it all means."

Sophy waited for nothing more, but ran on with her light in her hand, guiding her mother to Zaidee's room. The night was dark and cloudy out of doors, and the narrow passages, a labyrinth of gloom, strangely enclosed this white flitting figure, half-dressed and breathless with anxiety, and the grave outline of Mrs. Vivian in her widow's weeds. Sophy ran on, eager and swift-footed. Mrs. Vivian followed with a careful brow. Many things were on the mother's mind—many heavy and painful thoughts oppressed her ; and even while she sought Zaidee, her heart was with Philip, forecasting the events of this decisive night.

In the darkness Sermo sits at Zaidee's chamber door, lifting his head to groan, pathetically, an appeal to some one within. Quite dark, and quite silent, this little chamber is the only dressing-room in the house where there is no stir of preparation ; and a strange desolation and mystery seems in the closed door, where Sermo's supplication finds no answer. "Perhaps Zaidee is asleep," says Mrs. Vivian in a subdued undertone. In spite of herself she has grown a little nervous, and hastens with an impatient hand to open the door.

Within, the darkness and the moonlight fill the little apartment, and the red cross of painted glass glows in the silvery light like a sign in the air. Nothing more—only Zaidee's dress—the soft, light, fairy fabric chosen for this greatest festivity, spread out upon the bed, with the snowy gloves and bright ribbons which Aunt Vivian's kindness chose for the orphan before

she was known as the heir. But no Zaidee—no appearance of a living inhabitant in this lonely and deserted room.

"Zay! Zay!" cried Sophy, lifting up her candle, and wistfully gazing into the gloom. No one answered. There was such a dreary chill of solitude in the apartment, that it struck to the heart of the lookers-on. Mrs. Vivian hurried forward in sudden terror, but there was nothing to be learned from the familiar furniture, the white dress glimmering on the bed, and the stormy moonlight looking in through the window. "She must be down stairs—somewhere; she may have forgotten the hour," said Mrs. Vivian, with a visible shudder. Sophy looked in her mother's face for comfort but found none. "Hush!—she must be down stairs," repeated Mrs. Vivian with a trembling lip. "Stay here till I find Zaidee!"—and hurried and agitated was the step which echoed along the passage in the ears of Sophy. With superstitious terror Sophy withdrew within the door of her own room, and waited there.

CHAPTER XXXI.—LOST.

The rooms down stairs were already lighted, and everything bright for the family festival.—Margaret, restless and unhappy, had left the solitude of her own apartment before any one else was ready, and wandered here about the drawing-room, with such feverish strength of suppressed feeling in her face that her secret was scarcely safe even from eyes much less critical than Mrs. Blundell's. When Mrs. Vivian entered hurriedly, half dressed, and wrapped in her shawl, Margaret started in anxious terror.—Every unexpected sound seemed to her full of fate.

"I cannot find Zaidee; she is not in her room. Have you seen your cousin?" asked Mrs. Vivian, as she hurried past to the library, without waiting an answer. The library was quite vacant, and Margaret followed in silent wonder, as her mother turned to the young lady's room, and to her own private apartment, and, finding no one in either, came to the drawing-room again, with much agitation, and rang the bell, almost violently. "Has any one seen Zaidee?—where can she be?—where can the child have gone?" cried Mrs. Vivian, moving back and forward with troubled steps, and wringing her hands. "Ask all the servants—quick—and call Philip. Where is Zaidee? Can no one tell me when they saw her last?"

The whole household was startled by another loud, unsteady peal from the bell. Mrs. Vivian had never seen so much or so painfully excited in all her placid life. Several servants came in, in haste and confusion, to answer her summons. The small figure of the mistress of the house flitted about before the vacant seat of her domestic sovereignty in restless agitation. She could not be still; she could not stand or sit down, or cease wringing her delicate hands. "Where is Zaidee? who has seen the child?" exclaimed Mrs. Vivian incessantly; and it was as much as she could do to repress the impatience of her involuntary anger at the slow answer or deliberate speech of those she questioned. The wave

of her hand, and the "Quick! quick!" with which she hurried those tardy speakers, confused them only the more; and Philip found his mother surrounded by a group of bewildered servants, asking breathless questions, so close upon each other, that there was no space left to answer them. Margaret stood beside her, only half roused as yet, and fearing little. Percy was hastening in by another door, wondering what was the matter. Philip knew quite as little as Percy what the matter was, but he came forward gravely, with the natural apprehension belonging to his excited state of mind. "When sorrows come, they come, not single spies"—and Philip had no difficulty in deciding that some new misfortune had befallen the house.

"Where is Zaidee? Has any one seen Zaidee?" The burden of Mrs. Vivian's interrogations fell sharp upon the young man's ear.—"Philip, come here—your cousin is gone. I can neither find her nor hear of her. A child—a mere child! God help us! where has she gone?"

The fact that Zaidee was missing had no effect upon any of the auditors at first; but Mrs. Vivian's excitement had a great effect upon them. "Mother, what is it you fear?" asked Philip anxiously.

"I fear? Everything—everything! the most dreadful—the saddest," cried Mrs. Vivian, once more wringing her hands. "Think what I myself said to her—think how she felt it. Boys, I implore you, do not wait here to speak to me. Seek her instantly; never rest till you find her, living or —— Oh heaven! what do I say?"

"Zaidee is safe in Briarford; it is her way. You were never alarmed for her before; and all these strangers coming, and so much to be done tonight. Mother, be calm, I beg of you," pleaded Margaret. "Even now we are not alone. Mother—dear mother! I hear some one at the door."

As Margaret broke off, with a hurried, apprehensive glance towards the door, Aunt Blundell entered. Aunt Blundell's erect and lofty person was in grand costume, and her face composed to that solemnity with which people bear the misfortunes of others. But not even the entrance of the family censor subdued the stronger emotions of Mrs. Vivian. Margaret shrank from her mother's side, humbled and self-conscious, dreading the critical cold eye which now surveyed her. Mrs. Vivian, quite unconscious of the hour—of her half completed toilet and expected guests, shrank not a whit from the observation of Aunt Blundell, but addressed her eagerly, catching at a new possibility—a last hope that some one had seen the missing girl.

"Maria, have you seen Zaidee?—tell me quick, for I am at my wit's end!" exclaimed Mrs. Vivian, her usual vivacity quickened into impetuous restlessness. "No one has seen her to day;—she is not to be found in the Grange. For pity's sake, Maria, you who notice everything, tell me if you have seen the child to-day?"

Mrs. Blundell embraced the occasion with an eager haste to be useful. "Nothing but what might have been expected," said Mrs. Blundell.

I should have taken precautions. Of course she is ashamed to look us in the face. What have you done? Is it possible? Nothing but ask questions! Margaret, come with me to Zaidee's room, and we will see if she has left any trace."

"I have been there; there is nothing," said Mrs. Vivian. "Do you hear me, boys? She must be found. Oh, Philip, Philip, if you had but yielded to her! If anything happens to Zaidee, I will never hold up my head again."

In the mean time, you ought certainly to complete your toilet," said Mrs. Blundell reprovingly. "For my part, I could never permit myself to be so carried away by my feelings; and so much depends on you to-night—all the prospects of the children. I am ashamed to see you. Leave this affair to me."

But this was the thing of all others which Mrs. Vivian could not do; not even though all her own ideas of decorum and propriety, strict as these were, coincided with her sister-in-law's advice, and though the sound of carriage wheels without, and the bustle of approaching footsteps within, gave warning of repeated arrivals. The little group of servants retreated hastily—but Mrs. Vivian stood still, or moved about with her restless step, wringing her hands—her white, fleecy shawl thrown off, and hanging about her her dress incomplete, and her face full of agitation and terror. With great effort she received and barely answered the salutations of several early guests. These punctual people wandered to stray corners, after they had paid their respects to her, with unaccountable embarrassment. It was impossible to see her, simple, natural woman as she was, in spite of all her dignity, without being fully aware of the violent agitation which overpowered all her usual barriers of reserve.

Aunt Blundell and Margaret hastened up stairs; and, by the way, the elder lady took the opportunity of administering a severe lecture to her young companion, under which Margaret shrank with overpowering shame. Not to betray her feelings, not to compromise her womanly character; injured pride and mortification rose high under these reproofs. Her own occasions were so immediate, and Zaidee's danger seemed so problematical, that Margaret forgot her cousin. Unwilling, offended, and proud, she followed Mrs. Blundell, secretly chafing at the troublesome Zaidee who exposed her to this most harassing annoyance of all.

Sophy stands shivering between her own apartment and Zaidee's deserted room. Left so long on the watch, Sophy trembles to the heart at every sound, and gazes on the mystical colors of that round window, pale in the moonlight, and upon the broken cross, which seems to hover over this solitary chamber with awe and dread, that will not be repressed. A little longer of this vigil, and Sophy would think she saw something gliding about those gloomy corners—something gleaming out from the darkness like the lost Zaidee's melancholy eyes. Then there is that white, ghost-like glimmer of the dress laid out on Zaidee's bed, and the bits of reflected color from the window glowing like gems over it. Never before has Sophy's free heart owned such an op-

pression of mystery and dread. Dreary imaginations throng upon her. What if Zaidee has to be carried in here ere many hours are gone—to be laid as white and lifeless as her vacant garment upon that same bed? Sophy starts with a cry, to hear the footsteps which approach her. Zaidee! is it Zaidee? Have you not found her yet?

CHAPTER XXXII.—PHILIP'S FETE.

ALREADY many guests are assembled in Mrs. Vivian's drawing room; already the kitchen is in despair over the dinner which begins to spoil; already ladies and gentlemen begin to look at each other—to whisper and to wonder. The young head of the house—the hero of the night, is not to be seen anywhere, and his mother stands alone, disquieted and self-absorbed; always wringing her hands, speaking to no one, and in a costume much unlike the dignified propriety of Mrs. Vivian's usual dress. Mr. Wyburgh looking concerned and anxious, makes pilgrimages to one and another, bearing messages from Mrs. Vivian. A vague expectation springs up among the company. Handsome Mr. Powis keeps in a corner, and looks slightly frightened. What has happened? The whole assembly would make up its mind to something very dreadful, but for the serious and sweet composure of Elizabeth Vivian's face.

"Is some one ill, do you think? I don't see Margaret. Why no one is here but Elizabeth. What can be the matter?" the whisperings grow. Elizabeth meanwhile takes upon herself her mother's office, and goes calmly to and fro among the impatient guests, saying nothing of this visible excitement, but subduing it in her gentle way. Uncle Blundell, Colonel Morton, and Captain Bernard are consulting in a corner. Colonel Morton's face is redder than ever, and still more full than usual is the wide-open stare of his light gray eyes. "Why could they not take proper precautions?—what's to be done?—the little fool! growls Colonel Morton. Handsome Mr. Powis, hearing this, grows pale, and grows red, and is much excited. Mr. Powis believes secretly, with great uneasiness, yet a little vanity, that Margaret Vivian must be breaking her heart for him, and that this is the cause of all the disturbance to night.

The door opens, and every eye turns to it once more, full of expectation. It is Mrs. Blundell who enters, followed more closely and more anxiously than before by Margaret. At sight of the latter, Mr. Powis breathes freer, yet is disappointed. She has not broken her heart yet, and the general family discomposure is enough to account for Margaret Vivian's pallid face and anxious eye.

"I have found—not Zaidee, but at least some trace of her," said Mrs. Blundell, with importance. "This is for you, and this for Elizabeth. I have no doubt they contain proper information. Compose yourself, my dear. I have no doubt Zaidee will be easily found again."

This was to Margaret, who shrank from Aunt Blundell's encouragement almost more than from her lectures. Mrs. Vivian eagerly seized

and broke open the letter addressed to her.—Elizabeth came forward to receive hers. Philip and Percy returning at the same moment, hurried to their mother's side; and Sophy, her dressing sadly bungled, and her pretty face obscured with anxiety, joined the group before the reading was over. They stood apart on their own hearth, a troubled family, only half conscious of the curious background of guests who watched them. The guests for the most part, felt considerably embarrassed and uncomfortable. With some offence and much impatience, they looked on "some explanation," as a senior here and there haughtily suggested, becoming more and more indispensable, as common courtesy, stretched to its utmost limit, began to give way.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Vivian, read aloud the note which Zaidee had left for her. It was very simple and abrupt, as Zaidee herself had she explained her conduct in person, might have been.

"DEAR AUNT VIVIAN.—I can never come back again. I beg of you to be very kind, and never ask me. Perhaps you might find me if you searched long. Perhaps I may not be able to hide myself as I wish; but to find me would be cruel, for I would die rather than come home. I beseech you to believe me, and to make Philip believe me; for I will never return to the Grange;—and though I love you all so well, and my heart breaks to think of this, yet I would rather go to the end of the world,—I would far rather die than see you any more. Dear Aunt Vivian, forgive me—it is not my fault. I might have burned that paper if I could have had courage; but now I can do nothing but go away.

"And I have nothing to ask but that Philip will never seek me. If he does, it is quite the same as killing me, aunt Vivian; for I will never live to take his right from him. I know you will be good to poor Sermo; and I hope you will all be very happy, and never think of me any more. I bid you all good-by, dear aunt Vivian. Good-by every one,—for I will never see you again."

Here the unsigned note broke off abruptly with signs of tears. Other tears by this time were on the paper; and it was with a choked voice that Mrs. Vivian spoke once more, calling upon them to search for Zaidee—to go forth at once, and lose no time.

Elizabeth's note enclosed Zaidee's little gold chain—her sole possession—and expressed only a humble petition that the bride would wear this simple ornament; but no clue to Zaidee's destination was in either of these letters. While their mother continued to urge their departure with tears and impatient eagerness, Philip and Percy stood consulting together; and, after a moment's hesitation, stepping forward before his brother and sisters, the young head of the house addressed the wondering guests.

"Dear friends and neighbors," said Philip, "you have all come to do me honor. For my part, it was my office to have told you to-night that I no longer, as master of this house and my father's successor, deserved honor at your hands.

A little while ago we discovered a will, leaving everything to my little cousin," continued Philip, speaking fast, as his voice faltered. "I designed to make it known immediately, but yielded to Zaidee's entreaty, and put off till to-night. To-night you have received a rude and discourteous reception. Pardon us, all who know this family; for Zaidee—poor little Zaidee—with a child's inconsiderate generosity, has gone away to-day. She is resolved not to take what she thinks my birthright—she has gone away, we cannot tell where. I am sure no one will misunderstand—no one will blame me; but I must leave you, to seek this poor generous child."

A murmur of wonder, of concern, and regret, and anxiety, followed Philip's speech. There was a little crowd round him immediately, inquiring about this extraordinary change. It was well for Philip that a little tumult and confusion at the other end of the apartment startled his sympathizing friends once more. A lady had fainted—perhaps Mrs. Vivian, or Elizabeth, or Margaret. No—only Mrs. Green, the Curate's wife. The Curate himself was red with vexation and annoyance. Such a time for the exhibition of Angelina's sensitive feelings! As he took her up in his stout arms, and carried her into Mrs. Vivian's room, Mr. Green could scarcely refrain from giving an indignant shake to the fainter. When every one else held out, what right had she, no particular favorite with the Vivians, to "give way" like this?

The incident had one good result; it released Philip, who set out immediately with his brother and Bernard. The questioners had recourse to Uncle Blundell and Colonel Morton—the ladies gathered round Mrs. Vivian to console her—Mr. Powis went away.

Yes, poor Margaret! Mr. Powis went away—heard of the family misfortune, but had no word of sympathy to give—saw you standing alone and sad, leaning heavily on your mother's chair, but never came to offer the support and solace which he knew too well he could have bestowed. True, it is a pretence of offering help to Philip which covers the young Rector's withdrawal; but hasty Philip has already gone upon his search, and Mr. Powis can only mention his intentions to a servant as he leaves the Grange; and so one hope is over, buried for evermore.

By-and-by one departure after another lightens the saddened house of those untimely guests. The lights blaze still in every corner, but every corner is deserted, and it is strange to note all this waste of preparation and exuberance of light. Here and there a servant lingers in hall and passage, on the outlook for intelligence; but the family stand still, grouped together on the hearth, the mother and her three daughters trying to take comfort from each other, but unconsciously only sinking each other into deeper despondency as they discuss and question what has become of their lost child.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—SUSPENSE.

The night wears on, but no one has returned. The lights flare wildly in the hall of the Grange,

where the cold night-wind blows in through the open door. The door is always open. There is constantly some one looking out—Sophy, with her blowing about her tearful face; Margaret, who is past weeping; Mrs. Vivian, and Elizabeth. They come and go perpetually to the windy threshold to look out into the darkness—the trees toss about in the breeze—the air is full of a sound of moved branches and running water—the clouds rush overhead, parted by sudden glimpses of a stormy moon. Nothing is to be seen in that world of black unfeated night—nothing to be heard in that whispering breath of sound; yet they are always looking out—always listening—always straining their baffled eyes into the gloom; and fancy plays capricious pranks with them, calling forth distant voices and a mockery of footsteps to tantalize the watchers, who can sometimes persuade themselves that Zaidee is coming home again, and sometimes shudder at the heavy tramp which rings in their ears like the march of a funeral. But still no one comes through the stormy darkness of this November night.

Within, a little party gather round the supper-table. Neither Uncle Blundell nor his wife find any irrecoverable misfortune in the events of the night, and the appetite of both remains unimpaired; nor is Colonel Morton less philosophical. Much talk is current in this small company. Far more concerned than those watchers without, who speak only in troubled whispers, are these three good people within, to judge by their conversation, and the freedom with which they censure the carelessness and want of precaution which has brought this accident about. But Mrs. Blundell's "consolation" is, as she says, that of course such a blundering ignorant child is sure to be found immediately; while Colonel Morton declares that the little fool should be locked up and kept out of mischief. Seriously annoyed in reality, it is some comfort to the Colonel to have something to vent his displeasure openly upon; for in his heart he cannot help secretly concluding his son Bernard a "great fool," for persisting in his engagement with a penniless girl. Mrs. Blundell, after her fashion, though she is glad of it, thinks with the Colonel, and in her heart approves the better wisdom of Mr. Powis, and his withdrawal. "There was nothing else to be expected—why should he throw away his advantages?" said Aunt Blundell; yet Aunt Blundell, a strange combination of worldly views and family kindness, sighs for Margaret, and would very fain provide her with a better lover to induce her to forget the first.

Oh, heavy night! the hearts of the watchers sicken as each lingering moment creeps and creeps away into the past. Sometimes, in despair, they go slowly back towards the family sitting-room, always straining eager ears into the silence. Then a supposed foot-step—the cracking of a dry bough without, or the step of a passing servant within—rouse them to an agony of impatience once more. In the dead of night, the rain comes down heavily upon the roof, and on the beds of fallen leaves about the door. Even the shower does not dash against the windows

as showers are wont to do, but falls in a dead, heavy, mystical downpouring from the leaden skies; and they sit within, and look at each other, with eyes in whose depths of terror there are strange suggestions—or starting up, one by one, hasten to the door or the windows to gaze into the rain and into the night. All this while the lights are blazing in unprofitable profusion, and Aunt Blundell nods in a great easy chair, and Colonel Morton has disposed himself comfortably on a sofa. Now and then a drowsy servant crosses the hall to see if anything is wanted; but nothing is wanted; and the attendants, like the guests, steal away to fireside corners and fall asleep.

There is no sleep in the eyes of the ladies of the Grange, but an unspeakable impatient weariness—a longing to rush out into the dreary night, to share at least, though they may not advance, the search—takes possession of them all. Then almost sadder than the night comes the chill, unfriendly dawning, with its watery mists and icy breath. Another day—another day—and Zaidee has been an entire night from home.

By-and-by Philip, and Percy, and Bernard drop in from different quarters, one by one. Jaded, worn-out, and dispirited are they all, for there is not a trace, east nor west, of the lost girl. Philip has gathered a little band of followers after him. Philip has traversed miles of country to-night—far away to the sea-coast, where lives a woman who was once Zaidee's nurse, and a servant at the Grange—inland upon the great road which leads to a great adjacent town, and through it to other towns—to London and the world. But what would Zaidee do in the world? And Philip thought he was secure of finding her in her old nurse's cottage; but the woman had not seen Zaidee for four or five years, and scarcely recollects even the young Squire. Philip, at his wit's end, had at last unwillingly come home.

What can be done? Mrs. Vivian walks about the room, still wringing her hands, and exclaiming in despair, "How young she is—how innocent—how ignorant—how unacquainted with life;" for Mrs. Vivian not only grieves for Zaidee lost, but with even a deeper pang for the young girl abandoned to the world. All last night, Mrs. Vivian's mind was dismayed with thoughts of suicide. When she closed her eyes, it was to see in imagination Zaidee's motionless white form laid upon that little bed where Zaidee's festive dress lies solemnly under the dawning light—and to realize the dreadful bringing home, not of Zaidee, but of all that remained of her. Now, with a changed phase of self-torture, Mrs. Vivian recalls those thousandfold snares, and temptations, and pitfalls of evil, for which her own inexperienced and innocent mind holds "the world" in horror. "It would have been nothing for a boy: a boy could come to no great harm," said Mrs. Vivian; but Zaidee—a girl—a woman—God help my poor child!"

It is very hard and difficult to decide what can be done next. "We must do everything," says one and another; but how to begin is the question. Philip only says nothing. Philip is feverish, restless—cannot sit still or lie down, or take any refreshment. Aunt Blundell by this time

has had the breakfast-table arranged, and presides at it, full of suggestions. Excellently well aunt Blandell means; but it is misery to have a full meal spread before them, when they are all so sick at heart; and Philip, for his part, thinks she means to torture him when she presses him to eat.

"Where there is so much confusion, Philip, it may be some time before you have a well-ordered meal again," says Mrs. Blandell with dignity; "and you must take nourishment—it is most important—or the frame will sink under all this fatigue."

Hearing her sister-in-law speak, Mrs. Vivian stopped behind Philip's chair, fondly put her hands upon his head, smoothed down his dark curls, and drew them back to kiss his fair, young, manly brow. "Try to take something, Philip—try, my poor boy," said Mrs. Vivian with a trembling voice. Philip, in his excitement and exhaustion, fairly broke down.

"It is my fault, mother. I have driven her to this," said Philip, with something that sounded like a sob; and starting up, he buttoned his overcoat closely over his breast. "I must go—I cannot rest—I must seek poor Zay," said the young man hurriedly. "Poor Zay—poor child—she has thrown away everything for me. I must find her, wherever she is."

That day passed—alas! and other days!—weary days, weary nights—hours taken up and occupied by nothing but this search; but no one had seen Zaidee Vivian, and not the faintest trace was to be found of where she had gone. Philip travelled far and near over all the country, wrote letters, published advertisements, did everything that man could do, but found only a few tantalizing disappointments, and no Zaidee. Elizabeth's marriage was delayed—the whole domestic economy of the Grange was disturbed and shaken—the household kept in perpetual agitation by varying hopes and fears—but still Philip had not found Zaidee, and the expectation of finding her lessened day by day.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—GUILT.

Whatever might be the ordinary character of Mrs. Green's effusions of susceptibility, there could be no doubt that her fainting fit, on the night of Zaidee's disappearance, was genuine and sincere. Poor Angelina was a very coward; she dared not for her life rise up, and say that she had the clue for which every one looked in vain. She trembled under her husband's eyes with a secret terror. Fear, the strongest passion of the weak, overpowered Angelina. Secrecy and guilt are so near akin that the one is apt at all times to feel like the other. And if the Curate's wife had been the kidnapper of Zaidee, she could not have been more overwhelmed with terror of discovery. The good Curate, much annoyed and discomfited by her swoon, softened to see the real distress of his tender-hearted bride. She was so visibly afraid of him too, that his honor was piqued to justify himself. "Why, Lina, you make an ogre of me," said Mr. Green, with sundry grimaces of discomposure. "You might have chosen a better time to faint, I confess.

When all the Vivians stood it out, what was it to you? But I don't intend to make any lecture. Come along, Lina! are you really ill, now? the girl trembles like a leaf. What was Zaidee Vivian to you? Well, I'll not say that, if it vexes you. If I had ever thought you cared so much for that child!"

"Oh, Mr. Green! don't speak to me," sobbed Angelina.

"I won't till you can hear reason," said the straightforward John. And he took his sensitive wife under his arm and trudged her away down the stormy pathway from the Grange. But he felt her tremble so, as she clung to him—he heard such a sound of suppressed tears and sobbing in the lulls of the wind—that the Curate could not keep his resolution. "What is it all about, Lina?" asked Mr. Green, facing round against the wind, and looking at her in dismay. Mr. Green could see only a shrinking figure and veiled face, but could not perceive the terrified expression—the weak despair, in Angelina's eye. "You can't think that Zaidee is lost? You can't think it possible that a girl of her age, knowing nothing, should be able to elude Philip Vivian and the strict search he will make! Dry your eyes, Lina; don't be such a little fool. As sure as we are going home to-night, Zaidee will come by-and-by—no fear."

Angelina listened—made a shivering, tremulous response—she hoped so—and went on with her husband in silence, afraid to awake his suspicions by another word. She might have saved herself at least this fear, for Mr. Green lumbered on, the soul of rude sincerity, who neither knew deceit nor suspected it; nor even in his wildest imaginations could the Curate have fancied her inculpated in such a mystery as Zaidee's escape.

A sleepless night was this for Angelina. If Zaidee did come back—if Zaidee was found in Mrs. Disbrowe's, recommended by Mrs. Green, what would Mrs. Green's husband—what would all the world say? And if Zaidee never came back, what a secret was this lying night and day on Angelina's heart! Would it be better to make up her mind boldly; and confess the truth at once? Perhaps so; but the Curate looked so severe, so determined in the pale morning light, that his wife only shrank into a corner and cried. What could she do?

She took the usual expedient of cowardice, in the first place. She waited—waited day after day, in nervous expectation of hearing that Zaidee had been found—or, with still darker terror, dreading that Zaidee, being found, had sought for herself some other means of conclusion than the pool under Briarford Hill. Living thus, from day to day, in a state of nervous expectation and suspense, the poor foolish wife of the Curate fell ill at last. Angelina was rather glad than otherwise of the excuse thus given her for fairly taking her bed and shutting herself up; but lying all day long thinking of this oppressive secret, brought her not a whit nearer a settlement of it. And day passed after day, but Zaidee Vivian was not found.

Mrs. Green's illness continued so long that it procured her the unusual honor of a call from

Mrs. Wyburgh. The Vicaress came in to Angelina's dim bed-chamber, a very mass of shawls and wrappings. Angelina's bed-chamber was not only cloudy with drawn curtains and closed blinds, but was somewhat chill besides, and by no means comfortable. Something of the effect which a bright fire might have produced, the vision of Mrs. Wyburgh gave; but Angelina scarcely ventured to turn her pale face from the wall to answer the inquiries of the Vicaress.

"No, not a word can one hear of that poor darling yet," said kind Mrs. Wyburgh; "and my blessing on her this day, wherever she may be. What should make her wise at her age? I'll never say it was wise of Zaidee to run away; but well I know it was all the love at her heart."

Angelina made no answer. She had much ado to keep herself from a weak passion of tears.

"I hear ye all say it was wrong of Zaidee," continued the Vicaress. "Ne'er a one of you all but blames her; but I'll never cast a stone at you, Zaidee dear—never an evil word will I say. Blessings on them was so good to the motherless child, and blessings on the orphan that had it in her heart to lose herself for them. I'd give half of Briarford," said Mrs. Wyburgh with animation, "to hear the child was safe; but I'd not thank any one to tell me where she was—ay, dear heart, for all I like her well."

"Oh, Mrs. Wyburgh, will you tell me why?" cried Angelina, anxiously.

"My dear, I'd be bound to tell," said the Vicaress, "to let Philip and the lady know, and betray the innocent lamb. 'Tis God takes care of such. She'll never come to harm in the world; but do you think I'd be the one to balk her good will and the love in her heart? So that's why I wouldn't listen to hear where she was."

"Mrs. Wyburgh," said Angelina, with great humility, "I want to tell you something. I have kept it a secret, because of what she said. I have never told Mr. Green; and I am afraid—I can't help it—I am so much afraid to tell him now."

Mrs. Wyburgh interrupted the confession by a motion of her hand. "Tell it to him before you tell it to me. My dear, you are young; you must make a good beginning; and sure, of every woman in the world, there's none has the same right as he."

"But I am afraid; oh, Mrs. Wyburgh, I am afraid," said the helpless Angelina.

"Five-and-twenty years," said the Vicaress, reckoning upon her dimpled fingers, "I've been the nearest friend to Richard, and he to me. Do you think one of us was ever afraid to tell a thing to the other? My dear, if we had, we'd never have been here. I could not do a thing myself did not know; no more could I wish Richard, though he's a man as well deserves to be feared as any in this world; but I'd as soon have thought of fearing daylight as fearing Richard. Take thought of it, you poor child—you've got no one to look to you. What should you be afraid of? The man's your own—didn't you make choice of

him? And I wouldn't build up secrets, if I were you, between him and me."

"Indeed, I am sure I cannot tell what to do," said Mrs. Green, half weeping between offence and real distress.

"Poor soul, doesn't he see through you, out and out?" sighed Mrs. Wyburgh, under her breath, impatient with the weakling before her. "But, my dear, you had best tell him," she said, with much self-restraint, expressing herself aloud.

And Angelina courageously made up her mind to try. When her husband came to her disconsolate bedside that same evening, the invalid began by telling him of Mrs. Wyburgh's visit. "It is hard to understand her sometimes," said Angelina, with a great palpitation at the heart. "She said to-day she would be glad to hear that Zaidee was safe, but not where she was—if, indeed, any one could know."

"I'll tell you what, Lina," said the Curate, somewhat sternly, "if I knew any one that was in the secret, I'd not only compel them to tell, but shut them out for ever from any kind offices of mine. I could never forgive any one in his right senses for aiding, in such a fatal project, this wild foolish girl."

Angelina shrank, terror-stricken; her lips grew pale, her breast heaved, but fear gave her a power of self-restraint quite unusual to her. She had not strength to tell her secret; but she had strength, by a most heroical effort, to keep in her tears and subdue every expression of her true state of mind. Good Mr. Green went off immediately to his study, frowning at the very possibility of Zaidee's secret being known to any one and remaining unrevealed. Meanwhile Zaidee's secret remained heavy like a stone on his wife's apprehensive heart. Human creatures know so little of each other—he never for an instant suspected her.

CHAPTER XXXV.—CHANGED DAYS.

The spring comes chill, with its lengthening pale days, upon the Grange—young buds are struggling into life on the wind-tossed trees—and the sunsets soften out of their wintry red into a tracery of gold—but the time of crocuses and primroses is not yet. The white-cheeked Christmas rose, and the melancholy little vestal snowdrop—impersonation of this pallid season—are all the flowers which even Mrs. Vivian's sheltered flower-garden can produce in honor of Elizabeth's wedding-day. Postponed from week to week, and from month to month, the time has at last arrived for this great family event. To-morrow, if it be the windiest March morning that ever blew in Cheshire, cannot delay any longer this interrupted bridal. We are on the eve, too, of other goings away, and there is little rejoicing among us to-night.

Captain Bernard has the place of honor beside Mrs. Vivian in this great bright drawing-room, which cannot look anything but cheerful and homeslike. Bernard Morton is past his first youth, and has never been so handsome as Mr. Powis. An unmistakable ardor and glow of

temperament are in his deep dark eyes and sun-burnt face; but it is ardor restrained and kept in subjection by a will and character stronger than itself. His young brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law do not quite understand Captain Bernard; he is a little too mature and full-grown a man for their youthful comprehension; and Percy, irritable and wayward, who admires and adores his beautiful sister with the fervor of a poet, and the affectionate tenderness of a younger brother, chafes at Captain Bernard's good sense, and vows he is not worthy of Elizabeth. Elizabeth herself only smiles, as Bernard would smile if he heard these words. These two, who are by no means like, do yet perfectly understand each other, and there is no cloud upon the confidence with which they look forward to their new life.

Except in the extreme simplicity of her dress, there is no change upon Elizabeth. Only one ornament breaks the undecorated plainness of the bride's costume, and that is Zaidee's little gold-chain, which Elizabeth says she will never lay aside till Zaidee is found. There is something admirably harmonious and in keeping in these plain garments of Elizabeth's. She is no longer a girl, to shrink with shy confusion from the kind glances round her—but a woman, simple, humble, esteeming every other better than herself, Elizabeth sits composed and silent behind her mother, ready to enter with sweet gravity and thoughtfulness into her altered lot.

Much different is Margaret, working with nervous haste at the table, not only grieved, but wounded to the heart. Margaret's eye swims with unshed tears, and a heat of petulant and passionate feeling is over all her face. She cannot work fast enough, or move about with sufficient rapidity, to cheat the pain at her heart; and her heart is not softened, but irritated by her grief. A certain acrimony, even, has stolen into poor Margaret's tones. She is bitterly ashamed of herself, and overpowered with mortification and self-reproach; but she cannot subdue the strength of passion, which assumes this character—she cannot keep down the heat and flush of injury, of shame and disappointment, which burns at her heart night and day.

Sophy sits apart unoccupied, patting with her foot upon the carpet, beating upon the palm of one hand with the fingers of the other. Sophy is going over, in anticipation, all the events of to-morrow—realizing how Elizabeth will look in her bride's dress—wondering how she herself will become her costume as bridesmaid. Sophy cannot keep herself from being interested, from being a little excited, and from no small share of pleasurable expectation; yet Sophy sighs for Zaidee, and puts her hand upon her heart, where there is a pain and a vacancy, as she thinks, since ever her companion went away. Poor Zay! where is she now?—where can she be tonight? And it will be well for Sophy if her meditations do not end in a fit of tears.

But Sophy is conscious of the presence of Aunt Blundell—Margaret is angrily conscious of it—and even Philip and Percy make some small sacrifices in acknowledgment of their relative's eye. Mrs. Blundell's forces are in no wise

abated by "what she has come through." She still finds it possible to bear her sister Vivian's misfortunes with exemplary resignation, and to set a good example to the young people. Sitting with a basket before her, full of snowy ribbons, Mrs. Blundell is making wedding-favors; and the rustle of her dress each time she moves her arm, the demonstration with which she threads her needle, the sigh with which she adds every completed ribbon to the heap, keep every one informed of her proceedings. Mrs. Blundell sits with great state in a great chair, the easiest in the room; but it is hard to calculate how much the presence of Mrs. Blundell sits heavy upon the minds of the assembled family here.

Philip has a book before him, but is not reading; and no one, save Aunt Blundell, has a word to say. Philip's hand, supporting his head, glimmers out of the mass of hair which droops over it—Philip's eye looks far into space, as the eye of youth is wont to do; but meditation has ceased to be a favorite exercise with Philip. These few months have carried the youth entirely out of the region of dreams. The actual world, wherein, as into a desert, his poor little cousin has plunged and lost herself for him—the real toils and hardships by which he must seek his fortune—are present to Philip's eyes.—He might have lived and died a very good Squire of Briarford—might have deliberated over the commonplace changes of his peaceful life—and been slow, and sure, and steady, as ever country gentleman was. But necessity has stirred the young man out of the calm routine of living, and plunged him into life: and Zaidee has helped to form the character which was her own childish ideal of man. Prompt to do, and quick to discern—strong against fatigue, and patient in the very front of hopelessness—the search which he pursued so earnestly has made Philip Vivian.—He has been at school while he has been following the track of the lost child; and now that the search seems hopeless, Philip is about to make his start in life.

Last of all the family group—save Percy, who sits yonder in a corner, in the dark, observing them all—is Mrs. Vivian, who, much unlike her wont, sits idle in her great chair, holding in her hand a white handkerchief, which she occasionally presses upon her eyes, perhaps to keep tears from falling, perhaps only to relieve some pain in them. Elizabeth is to be married and go away to-morrow; and throughout this whole great house there is a want of Zaidee—a visible void and empty place; and a perpetual aching in Mrs. Vivian's kind heart brings the orphan before her—brings before her, her own ill-advised and hasty words. If Zaidee had been here, in this room and at home as of old, the chances are ten to one that, bestowed in some out-of-the-way corner, you never would have observed Zaidee; yet it is strange how vividly every one who enters here feels she is gone.

In the mean time, when all are so silent, Mrs. Blundell, the chorus of the family drama, runs on in an explanatory monologue—a recitative, familiarly revealing the history of the time.

"I wonder, for my part, if I had not come yesterday, who would have thought of providing

These?" said Mrs. Blundell, as she deposited another wedding-favor upon the heap. "No doubt every one is very much occupied, but it is always my principle to neglect nothing—especially to preserve all the ordinary decorums at such a time as this; for nothing can look worse, I assure you, than excessive feeling. Philip, when do you go away?"

"Next month, aunt," answered Philip, starting to hear himself addressed.

"I never object to India," said Mrs. Blundell. "Everything has such a tinge of wealth, I suppose, that comes from the east; and it does not matter very much what one does there, so long as one grows rich. Of course," continued Aunt Blundell, in her character of example—"of course you understand me that I could never mean any one to do anything improper, or unbecoming a gentleman, even so far away; but business loses its vulgarity: an Indian merchant is not a trader, but a nabob. And Sir Francis really advises you to turn your thoughts to commerce? That is what your mother tells me, Philip."

With an effort Philip roused himself to answer. "If I can rise in the service of the Company, I will; but if I cannot, aunt, or the progress is too slow. Sir Francis introduces me to his friends, and to that Prince among them who helped himself to his fortune, and bids me hesitate at nothing which comes to my hand. I do not see, indeed," said Philip, coloring slightly, "why I should hesitate to do what Sir Francis Vivian did."

"Sir Francis Vivian represents the younger branch," said Mrs. Vivian; "but you, Philip, are the head of the house."

"I have heard my sister Vivian say this a hundred times. What does it matter, when there is nothing but the empty honor—the title and no more?" said Mrs. Blundell; "but you, Philip, are a mere Quixote. The Grange is yours by nature, in the first place; and even if it was not, what is to be done with it, now that Zaidee is gone? Why should the estate be lost and yourself banished, while there is no claimant of the lands? Don't speak to me. I would let the child have all when she came to claim it.—Poor little foolish thing, I would look for her too; but I would not throw up everything, and leave the country, as you intend to do."

"I leave the country to make my fortune," said Philip with a momentary smile; "and banished or not, aunt Blundell, the Grange is no longer mine. If I could have accepted it in any case, I should have taken it from Zaidee—poor Zaidee, who has lost herself for love of us; and I would gladly stay to find my dear little cousin," continued the young man, with a slight faltering; "but I have done all I can do, and I leave the matter in Bernard's hands. My mother will stay here at home till Zaidee is found—and after Zaidee is found, to take care of her, I hope. As for Percy and I, we are travelling paladins—we must go forth to the wars."

Sophy, from her seat apart, echoed this last word with an audible sob. There was a dead silence after it; and even Mrs. Blundell put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Percy too!" said the worldly but not unfeeling aunt. "I cannot say that you are not right, but I am sorry with all my heart. Ah, Elizabeth, my love! I congratulate you; but I am sure, for all the rest, those who go away and those who stay—I have no choice but to grieve for them."

Though this was not very consolatory, no one made any response to it. Mrs. Vivian shed some tears secretly behind her handkerchief; Sophy sobbed at intervals, restraining herself with all her might; while Margaret sat fiercely working by the table, heated and angry and miserable, defying herself and all the world. All the world seemed to Margaret personified in aunt Blundell, and she chafed under the intolerable scrutiny of these observing eyes.

They were glad all of them to part for the night; but when Elizabeth passed into her mother's dressing-room for one last hour of tenderest intercourse, full of tears and pain, yet not unhappy, and Sophy stole softly after her, to sit at Mrs. Vivian's feet and share the interview, Margaret, forlorn and miserable, stood in the dark alone, and looked out upon those dreary, melancholy roads, whence no passenger ever came. They stretched away before her into the misty horizon, so vacant and bare of life—paths which no one ever seemed to tread; and Margaret softened out of her resentful mood, thinking of herself forsaken and of Zaidee as lost.—To-morrow Elizabeth must go away a bride; and-by another to-morrow must carry Philip and Percy forth "into the wars;" and then, alas for the dead and solitary life which would remain to the dwellers in the Grange! These youths could fight open-handed with their evil fortune, and Zaidee—poor Zaidee—had fled from hers; but Margaret, in the martyrdom of her womanhood, could neither fight nor fly.

She went away drearily to her own room.—Sermo was lying in the vacant passage, so much like one who no longer cared where he threw himself to rest, that Margaret's heart was touched. "Poor Sermo, the day is changed even for you!" she said as she stooped to caress him, and softening tears fell upon Sermo's face.—Then her door was closed; the door was closed in Mrs. Vivian's room; darkness and silence and sleep reigned in the Grange, where there was much sadness, much anxiety, much trouble, but still a home.

But out of doors those solitary roads stretched away into the misty sky—out of doors the moonlight, lying white upon the country, made a deep mystery of shadow on every hand, and a wistful wind crept to and fro, and a whisper ran among the trees. Alas for the wayfarer, forlorn and solitary, in this world of silence! The red cross hangs afloat in the silvery air which streams into Zaidee's vacant room, and the room is solemnly undisturbed and sacred to her memory; there is not a piece of furniture displaced, and everything silently suggests and calls for the wanderer. But Zaidee is gone away no one can tell where—a loney traveller on the highways of the world.

From The Spectator.

CHUCKERBUTTY.

ONE of the successful competitors for the post of Assistant-Surgeon under the East India Company is Dr. Chuckerbutty. And who is Dr. Chuckerbutty? During the six years ending in 1850, might occasionally be met in society a youth of very dark complexion, small and graceful figure, with rounded outline, bright eyes, and an intelligent, thoughtful, yet smiling countenance, strikingly like the most engaging type of the "Italian boy," only much darker. That was Chuckerbutty, who had come over here from India under the auspices of Mr. Alexander of the Bengal Civil Service, to study medicine. But where did he come from? We must trace him back, partly by help of the *Times*, to his earliest years; and we find him in the Dacca district of Bengal, once the seat of the fine muslin manufacture, but, although modern in its growth, now decayed. Born of poor parents, his earliest years were probably passed among the reed huts which are occasionally burnt down as the quickest mode of "cleaning the house." Although poor, he was of high caste; but that circumstance must have contributed to increase rather than to diminish his difficulties. Let us then imagine the slender Indian boy, with dark skin, with gentle almost girlish outline, in the heart of Bengal, surrounded, if we may say so, by the absence of aids for learning science, hedged in by positive obstructions. Where were the books, where the schools of medicine, where the language for science itself, where even the ideas to begin with? Chuckerbutty, who was born in 1827, was thirteen years old before he so much as heard the English language, and then only when an official came into the neighborhood speaking the unknown tongue. He determined to learn the language of the governing race; and, with a few clothes in a bundle and a little parched rice for food, he set off on a journey of nearly sixty miles to the nearest English school. "He had no money, friends, or introductions; but he concluded a bargain with the schoolmaster to perform the duties of cook, for which his caste gave him peculiar advantages, on condition of being taught English." From this point his career, although eventful and obstructed by many obstacles, appears to have been on his own hands. He had some assistance; for first the School Committee, then Mr. Alexander, aided him. Yet even when he came to London, and was thrown into the very centre of science, his difficulties were not overcome.

It is not easy for an English reader to apprehend the full strength of the most formidable obstacles that still remained. The privileges of caste in India are accompanied by many disqualifying distinctions. There are

innumerable articles which a Hindoo cannot so much as touch without forfeiting his caste. The very act of studying anatomy is pollution. The unrestricted intercourse necessary to the practice of an official would be social outlawry. A Hindoo could scarcely expect to obtain the position of a successful practitioner without forfeiting his station as a Hindoo gentleman. Many men of only half moral courage might be prepared to make that sacrifice if they could be sure of attaining a corresponding position in the conquering class: was this quite certain for Chuckerbutty? Far from it. Those who remember the species of sufferance on which "distinguished" and cultivated Parsees are admitted to English society in Bombay—who recollect the obsequious manners of millionaires placing their carriages at the disposal of fourth-rate or fifth-rate officials, for the sake of some countenance in return—will see how little the social standing of a Hindoo in English society could have of attraction for a really refined and independent man. The more thoroughly a student should be trained to the habits or thoughts of the highest class of the medical profession in this country, the more formidable would the consequence of abandoning his native connections appear; the more hazardous the attempt to gain admittance into society, where he might be treated as an intruder and an inferior. Nevertheless, the young Hindoo physician, returning to the East with full professional honors, with high classical and scientific attainments, steadily making his way in professional promotion, prepared himself for complete admission to the rights of a British subject, socially as well as politically, by throwing off the sacred thread of his caste, and disencumbering himself of his vexatious restraints.

The reform of the Indian public service, which admitted individuals to competition with the British subjects, was needed to render full justice to the courageous enterprise which has animated this young man throughout his career. He is by birth a Hindoo, a member of a race which has been said to be incapable of fully understanding English ideas, of grasping the resources of scientific civilization: he stands amongst Englishmen a contradiction to those presumptuous libels on his race. His fellow countrymen might have said, with justice, that no one of their birth would be admitted to an equality with the supercilious aliens who had taken possession of their soil and government: he has become one of the governing class. In truth, we should regard the admission of a native to the Supreme Council of Calcutta as an event of far less importance than this recognized admission of a Hindoo who has worked his way, both in science and in practical labor, to so honorable a position amongst the leading men of India.

From The Spectator, 17 Feb.

THE WAR AND FINANCE OF 1855.

PEACE will be initiated at Vienna by the Conference in which Lord John Russell is to take part, or the failure of the attempt will initiate the war, to which the campaign of 1854 has only been a tedious and vexatious prologue. Unless, therefore, the whole question be suddenly closed by a peace, we must look immediately for a new war, upon new grounds, with new combinations, a new policy, new appliances, and a new budget. There have been reports hinting at the nature of the budget which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is prepared to lay before Parliament, and they point to a continued liquidation of the war expenses on cash principles. The advocacy of our contemporary the *Economist* is taken to indicate a resolution not to raise money by loan.* —

* The financial organ does not rest its arguments only upon the ruinous terms on which loans were contracted during the last war, or he might be open to the reply that a financier is not obliged to copy the mistakes of Mr. Pitt. The principal argument is, that if the whole 600,000,000*l.* and more had been raised by current Taxation, it would not have exceeded the amount of war taxes raised in certain years, but it would have constituted a closed effort, leaving no permanent burden on the country and thus entailing the yearly interest as an absolute loss, besides raising the price of money, and so interrupting the enterprise of commerce. The argument is strong, but not final. To meet it by another, stated with equal brevity, it may be contended, first, that peremptorily to take money by current taxation, is to exact it from the citizen without allowance of time, and without giving him any freedom to adjust the demand as he finds most convenient; whereas the method of raising immediate supplies of money by loans permits the finance Minister to take from those who can best spare it, and leaves commerce to adjust the burden as it finds most easy. The money wanted, whether it be taken by the tax-collector or the loan-collector, will always raise the value of money in the market. But to presume that taxes are the least mischievous means, is to presume that the burden can fall equally; whereas its pressure is greatest precisely where money and capital can least be spared—among those who have just means enough to get on, and to whom abstraction means stoppage. In every commercial country capital has a distinct value; it will always command a certain price; those who want it will have to pay for the accommodation, and it can do that best by the "higgling of the market." Probably the policy of borrowing money would be determined for the state by this test. So long as commerce can afford to pay for the use of capital a larger premium than is paid by the state, so long the plan of borrowing will be at once most convenient for the state and will less interrupt the operation of commerce: as soon, however, as the premium exacted from the state exceeds that which commerce can afford, the fact proves that the state is drawing up the vested capital of the country; the expediency of withholding pressure from the money-market is superseded by a stern necessity; and then the state, like a private family whose expenditure is exceeding its income will find it necessary to re-

How can this be determined, before we know the amount wanted in the lump? Is the Finance Minister prepared to raise *any* amount by immediate and direct taxation? Financial operations for a state can no more be determined on abstract principles than the money matters of a family. Abstract rules are good for guidance, but practical measures must be determined by the circumstances of the day.

It is the more important to keep the judgment upon these points perfectly free from preconceived notions, since it is not possible to determine the financial policy of the country until we know whether it is peace or war.—The experiences of the past year have absolutely proved two most important conclusions, of a military and a financial kind. The mistaken strategy which entrapped our army at Sebastopol was dictated by a policy of mixed impatience and caution, that induced our government, for political reasons at home, and perhaps in the East, to strike the blow without further delay; while political reasons in Germany induced it to abstain from striking the blow at a more vital part, and at the same time deprived it of the resources sufficient for the effectual levelling of the blow. The stroke, which should have been sudden to be effectual, became tentative, and degenerated into the defensive. With the immense resources of Russia, a campaigning war, which consists in a race to be determined by the ultimate exhaustion of resources, would be very hazardous for the flesh and blood as well as the morale of the Western Powers. They possess a command of movable means and financial credit, scientific and mechanical resources, which would give them the advantage over Russia, if the war were transformed from a fight of endurance to one of sudden and overwhelming concentrated attacks.

With a war of that kind on hand, offensive and depending for success upon the concentration of great resources, it is absurd to talk of an annual payment as an established regular incident of finance. We must have an offensive finance — the command of sudden and perhaps vast resources.

There is, we conceive, no alternative between the measures necessary to correct the military disabilities created by the long peace, and a more disastrous failure than any which

vert to cash principles, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had better drag the funds absolutely requisite by current taxation than increase debts where surplus is not accruing. In the latter case, the demands of the state more than absorb the surplus; in the former case surplus is accruing faster than state debt, and the forbearance of the Finance Minister permits the growth of the resources while he facilitates the spontaneous distribution of the burden.

we can incur even by the total extinction of our army in the Crimea. A war, however, in which England is to spend millions against an expenditure of unvalued Russian serfs, would be a disgrace to the statesmanship of England, as well as a calamity the country.—The old war was a war of the purse, for the benefit of royalty, against armed multitudes: the English people would not permit any war of the purse over again, or any sacrifice of the annual means of this country for the bankrupt royalties of the Continent. Instead of lavishing our money to prop up false alliances, we should expect our statesmen to find other resources for saving our own means. The object of the present war is perfectly definite,—to curb Russia, or, if she resist, to coerce her. The motto of the English statesman, within all proper limits, must be the motto of Jehu—“Who is on my side? who?” The military resources of this country, therefore, will have to be eked out by political combinations; and there will be no difficulty in procuring

assistance to put down or drive out the common disturber, if English statesmen take the lead, and keep it. It is only by pressing the war home upon Russia that the bugbear with which Mr. Bright and other commercial Peace men threaten this country can be kept off.—The war has had no sensible effect hitherto upon the commerce of the world. The enhanced price of corn is the result of agricultural vicissitudes, not of a partial stoppage of a fractional supply in the Black Sea. The cotton difficulties are the consequence of cotton extravagance in overtrading. Commerce has been uninterrupted and unstayed, because Russia has been kept to Russia; and unless we would have the sources of revenue cut off, the Allied Powers must continue to protect commerce against the incursions of Russia. The Czar must not be let out. Another reason why renewed and more desperate efforts on his part must be met by increased energy in carrying the attacks home to him suddenly and effectually.

THE SEASONS.

A PENCIL SKETCH.

There's soft green moss beside the brook;
There's golden fruitage on the bough;
Earth casts to Heaven a grateful look,
And Wisdom comes . . . we know not how.

SPRING.

To life the vernal flow'rets wake,
In countless bands o'er hill and dale:
Winds of the west! your slumbers break,
And fold them in your dewy veil.

SUMMER.

Mid blue unclouded skies above,
Yon lustrous arch of light is seen;
And, touch'd with roseate hues of love,
Earth spreads her robe of emerald green.

AUTUMN.

The woods their darkening foliage bow,
As round the fitful breeze is roll'd;
And mark! how flames yon moorland's brow,
With all the autumn's wealth of gold.

WINTER.

The hills uplift their helms of snow,
And high their glitt'ring lances wield;
The river stays his sullen flow,
And sleeps upon his icy shield.

L'ENVOI.

So speed the gentle hours along,
From orb to orb, their march sublime;
Declaring, as in choral song,
The sacred destinies of time.

The varying day, the changeful scene,
Proclaim the fated world of strife;
Mid fadeless groves, and skies serene,
The immortal spirit finds its life.

Yet what is Spring, or Summer's glow,
Or purple Autumn's rich decline,
And what the Winter's crown of snow,
If but the *eternal year* is thine?

Still Nature thro' each change retains
The primal law that knows no fall;
And still essential Love remains,
In one communion binding all.

Gent. Mag.

SONNET.

TO THE MEMORY OF COLERIDGE AND CHARLES LAMB.

COLERIDGE AND LAMB! In life's past early years
Your sympathizing wanderings I trace,
Joying to view, or waked by smiles or tears,
The union feeling of your fond embrace.
The eager shouting of a rapt'rous cry,
Coleridge, proclaimed the throbings of thy breast;
While the soft murmurs of a gentle sigh
As full, dear Lamb, thy sympathy express'd:—
It was a hush to silence; my delight
To bide the bidding, and thus not denied
The heart-felt kindness, which could so invite.
To be a list'ner only was my pride.
O blessed memory! which can now restore
With deep-felt happiness the days of yore.
[*Gentleman's Magazine.*

From The Times.

DEATH OF JOSEPH HUME, ESQ., M. P.

THE living political reformers of Great Britain have lost their oldest leader—Joseph Hume is numbered with the dead. Mr. Hume had been visibly declining in health for a year past. During the last few weeks a disease of the heart gradually reduced his strength, and gave warning that his end was drawing near. He expired at six o'clock on Tuesday night at his seat, Burnley-hall, Norfolk.

Mr. Hume was a native of Montrose, and was born in January 1777. His father was the master of a coasting vessel trading from that town. Mrs. Hume was early left a widow with a large family, of whom Joseph was a younger son. The mother, ill provided, established a retail crockery-shop in that burgh, and by her industry and management reared and educated her children. Her memory was ever honored by her family, all indebted to her sound sense, moral courage and parental example. To this maternal care and influence Mr. Hume used to ascribe his own success and good fortune in life.

Mr. Hume's elementary education was obtained in the local schools of his native town. Reading, writing, "accounts," and a smattering of Scotch Latinity constituted the sum total of his "schooling." About the age of thirteen he was placed apprentice to a surgeon-apothecary at Montrose, and he remained with his master about three years, chiefly occupied in compounding prescriptions.

It has been generally reported that he graduated in Aberdeen, but he entered the medical classes of Edinburgh in 1793—continuing in that university till 1796, when he was admitted a member of the College of Surgeons of the modern Athens. On reference to the records of the College of Surgeons of London, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, we find that he passed as surgeon of an Indiaman on the second of February, 1797, at a meeting of the Court of examiners of that corporation. There is no register of his Scotch or other certificates, but it is believed that he had previously "walked the hospitals" of this metropolis.—We have heard that, with the interest of the late Mr. David Scott, M. P. for Forfar, he entered as assistant-surgeon the marine service of the East India-Company, and in that and the following year made a voyage out and home, being absent from England about eighteen months. At the India-house we first trace him in the Company's Board's records as elected a full Assistant Surgeon, nominated by the then chairman, Mr. J. Bosanquet, being reported November 12, 1799, for the ship Houghton and Presidency of Bengal. His patrons, the Scotts, of Dunninald, Forfarshire, were politically connected with Montrose,

where the Humes are said to have supported their interest. Mr. David Scott was in the East India Direction from 1788 to 1802, and other members of his family in high civil offices in Bengal. But, whoever aided the young Scotch surgeon in these his first steps in life, Joseph Hume, by his own talents and perseverance, was the meritorious architect of his own subsequent fortunes and celebrity. India only gave scope to his native power and energy of mind. We have heard that in his second voyage out, in one of the "ancient Arks" of the Company, crammed with passengers of all classes, conditions and professions, he volunteered, on the accidental death of the purser, to supply the duties of that deceased functionary during the remainder of the voyage—that his assiduity and good temper, in that vocation gained him many friendships: and that on the arrival of the vessel in Calcutta the Captain, officers, and passengers gave him a public testimonial in acknowledgment of his gratuitous services. Thus, the young surgeon landed with a ready-made reputation. His keen instinct led him immediately to observe that few of the Company's servants acquired the native languages. He lost no time therefore, in setting to work and mastering that difficult accomplishment. Labor was to him a pastime, especially if any rupes could be gained by it. Mr. Hume, moreover, early studied the religions of the East and the superstitions of that vast and mixed Asiatic population, whose succession of creeds, moulded into so many sects, is so essential a knowledge for the rule of India.

The authorities early recognized in young Hume a valuable and laborious servant. In 1802-3, on the eve of Lord Lake's Mahratta war, much consternation at the seat of Government occurred. On a discovery that the gunpowder in store was useless from damp, Mr. Hume's knowledge of chymistry fortunately came in aid of bad administration. He undertook the restoration of this all-important munition of war, and he succeeded. Attached in his medical capacity to a regiment in the expedition, he was almost immediately selected by Major-General Powell as the interpreter to the Commander-in-chief. But our space will not permit us to follow this industrious man throughout his Indian career. Sufficient it is to mention, that he not only continued his medical duties, but filled successively important posts in the offices of paymaster and postmaster of the forces, in the prize agencies, and the Commissariat. So recently as the late Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Military, Ordnance, and Commissariat expenditure (of which he was an active and valuable member) he astonished his colleagues by the intelligence and acuteness of his examination of witnesses. On some

expression of surprise in the committee, he observed, "You forget I was once Commissary-General to an army of 12,000 men in India!" Not only did he gain high reputation by these multifarious civil employments, but he realized large emoluments. Peace concluded, within five years Mr. Hume returned to the Presidency, and with a sufficient private fortune to justify his retirement from his profession, and, much sooner than falls to the lot of most men in the service of the East India Company, he resigned his civil employments, and arrived in England, the possessor of an honestly earned fortune of 30,000*l* or 40,000*l*.

The best proof of Mr. Hume's worthy possession of affluence was his use of pecuniary competency. On his arrival in Europe he continued his active pursuit of mental improvement and practical knowledge. In 1809 he made a tour of the united kingdom, visiting all the principal ports and manufacturing towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and, as "fact-hunting" was his pleasure, he devoted the greater portion of the years 1810 and 1811 to tours on the continent, extending his travels to Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, the Ionian Isles, Sicily, Malta, Sardinia, etc.

The two ultimate objects of Joseph Hume, thus independent in circumstances, and in the prime of life, were the acquisition of seats in the East India Direction and in Parliament. We believe that at this period his political convictions and earlier associations had been those of a "Tory," but that home politics had been a secondary interest in his mind during his struggle in India for ways and means of pecuniary independence. Certain it is that the future Radical first entered the House of Commons as a Tory. The borough of Weymouth and Melcombe-Regis was the cradle of our aspiring legislator. The patron of the borough and one of its members (Sir John Lowther Johnstone) having died, Mr. Hume succeeded to the vacant seat in January, 1812, the last session of the Parliament. A Scotch solicitor, trustee of the deceased baronet, "introduced" Mr. Hume to the constituency for a valuable consideration. Mr. Hume had bargained for a second return. The new member took his seat on the Treasury bench, supporting the Percival Administration. His Ministerial votes were never abandoned for Liberal minorities. On the dissolution of Parliament the following autumn the patrons of the seat refused him re-election. We have reason to believe that the ex-member's reforming and progressive tendencies having broken out in occasional visits to his constituents (which Hume thought it his duty to make, but which the trustees deemed works of supererogation), and at which he advocated schools and other social benefits, the Duke of

Cumberland and his co-trustees—the patrons—determined to provide a substitute. Mr. Hume, we believe, on an arbitration, obtained some return-money for breach of the contract. It is by no means unlikely that experience of the "borough system" opened the eyes of the Indian Reformer to the defects in the representation.

During his six years' exclusion from the House of Commons, till elected for Aberdeen in 1818, Mr. Hume was not idle. He was an active member of the Central Committee of the Lancasterian School system. At this period, forming a friendship with the late Francis Place, of Westminster, he became deeply interested in the promotion of the moral and intellectual interests of the working classes, and in the improvement of their physical condition, and he also published a pamphlet advocating the establishment of savings-banks and on the principles of their subsequent foundation. Mr. Hume's natural ambition for a seat in the East India Direction found him now at liberty also for the untiring pursuit of this second object of personal honor and interest. Although invariably unsuccessful, it incensed his constant exposure of Indian abuses in each periodical meeting of the Proprietary. His canvass for the Direction also, by one of the fortunate accidents of life, was destined to have great influence on his further prosperity and happiness. On one occasion Mr. Hume had obtained access to a proprietor enjoying four votes—a gentleman of great influence, but of peculiar aversion to canvassers for the Direction—the late Mr. Burnley, of Guilford-street. Nevertheless, Mr. Hume effected his visit, and his forcible representation of Indian abuses, and of the efficacy of his curative prescriptions, if elected a Director, and of the consequent advantages to stockholders, established him in the good graces of the old gentleman, and, what was of more value, in those of the daughter. Although he failed to force the India-house, he won and wedded the lady—the present amiable and excellent Mrs. Hume.

We resume Mr. Hume's public and Parliamentary career. He continued unseated till his return to the Parliament which met on the 14th of January, 1819. We then find him representing the "Aberdeen District of Burghs," comprehending his native town of Montrose cum Brechin, Inverbervie, and Aberbrothock. The whole electors of these self-select burghs, members of close corporations, did not then exceed 100 persons. The neighboring Peers and Lairds were the half-dozen patrons. Mr. Hume, aided by the late Lord Panmure and by the Liberal party of the North of Scotland, in a desperate struggle beat the boroughmongers, and succeeded in obtaining the return. This was the stepping-

stone to this permanent and independent position in the House of Commons.

In 1830 Mr. Hume relinquished the Scotch burghs, being returned with the late Mr. Byng, unopposed, for Middlesex. He continued to sit for the metropolitan county till the dissolution of 1837, when in July Colonel Wood defeated him by a small majority. Mr. O'Connell in the same month returned him for Kilkenny. In the New Parliament of 1841 Mr. Hume was again defeated at Leeds. In 1842, on the retirement of Mr. Chalmers from Montrose, Mr. Hume returned to his old political love, and he has died in the service of his fellow-townsmen.

How are we to characterize or even note the Herculean labors of this prodigy in representative government? It is impossible, within the limits of volumes, to record his innumerable speeches in Parliament, his motions, his returns, his select committees, his reports, his personal and party contests in the House of Commons, much less his various agitations "out of doors." His speeches alone, during thirty-seven years, occupy volumes of *Hausard*. In some Mr. Hume's speeches occur in 150 pages, on various political and legislative questions. We cannot attempt even an analysis of the chief subjects of his active and busy discussion. He is the modern Prynne, who defies all reprint comments or review. In this age of levelling legislation on social interests he was always "on his legs." He spoke oftener, and frequently made longer speeches, than any other member of the Commons since England enjoyed a House of Commons. In the Court of Directors and in Parliament he stood for many years almost alone contending for the freedom of trade against the East-India monopoly. He proposed sweeping and repeated plans of reform of the army, navy, and ordnance, and of almost every civil department, of the established churches and ecclesiastical courts, of the civil and criminal laws, of the system of public accounts, of general taxation, duties, and customs. He early advocated the abolition of military flogging, naval impressment, and imprisonment for debt. He carried, almost single-handed, the repeal of the old combination laws, the prohibition of the export of machinery, and the act preventing working men from going abroad. He led forlorn hopes against colonial abuses, against town and country municipal self-elect government, election expenses, the licensing systems, the duties on paper, print, "on tea, tobacco, and snuff." He assaulted and carried by storm Orange lodges and close vestries, to say nothing of his aid of Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and

the Reform Act of 1832. He was the unrelenting persecutor of sinecurists, drones, and old men pretending to do the work of the young in the State. Out of doors he was a member of every Liberal and Radical club and association. He occupied for years the throne at the Crown-and-Anchor Tavern in Palace-yard, and in Covent-garden meetings.

Mr. Hume worked not for Whigs or Tories. He labored for his country—for the world at large. He never put his faith in Sovereigns or in Governments. If he ever attached himself to any school, it was that of political economy. In fact, he was indebted to James Mill, David Ricardo, and Francis Place for much initiation in many of his principal legislative labors; and he early adopted their instruction. Mr. Hume never denied his obligations; his own individual merits were ample enough for any vanity. Mr. Hume had his faults and occasional errors as a public man, but we are now ill-disposed to detract from his incomparable service to his country. We view him as a whole. His pardonable weaknesses and occasional want of judgment, his very foibles, formed the man, and constituted his character and singleness of purpose.

Mr. Hume was twice Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen. His present successor and old friend, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Sykes, in his Aberdeen inaugural address last year, paid the following just tribute to Mr. Hume, and with the extract of which we cannot more appropriately close our obituary: —

But we need not go to eastern antiquity for an example, when you have a Lord Rector from the East, who held himself up to your predecessors as an example—and happily a still living example—of the sure and necessary rewards of perseverance, when the path chosen has been a right one, and tenaciously held to, even under contumely, ridicule, calumny, malice and all uncharitableness—when principle has been the guide, and the good of the commonwealth the object. A man of the people and from the people, a countryman of your own, he has by his own energies and singleness of purpose, caused his bitterest opponents to adopt and to give effect to political, financial and economic reforms, as from themselves, which, in their original proposition, were looked upon as almost allied with treason against the State. By his ceaseless labors for the public good for more than forty-two years in the House of Commons, he has won the respect of the representatives of Great Britain, and an admission from Sir Robert Peel—one of England's greatest ministers, lately lost to his country—that he was one of the most useful members who had ever sat in Parliament. That person who recommended his motto of "perseverance" from this chair is Mr. Joseph Hume.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.*

The world has long associated with the name of Lady Blessington, beauty, wealth, rank, intellect, splendor of position, and the lavish homage of all the gifted minds of the age. Our interest therefore, is excited to know what life an individual thus endowed wrought out of such rare and precious gifts.—Besides, for twenty years she held a prominent position in the literary world of London; reigning there, indeed, as queen paramount of intellect; so that the mental history of the century would be incomplete without a page devoted to her remarkable career.

By the desire of her family, her papers and correspondence were placed in Dr. Madden's hands for publication; a man admirably fitted for the important task of editing a literary life so inwoven with the social present, with names of living persons, and with recent events, as his own literary career had likewise brought him into contact with all the leading celebrities of modern English literature; so that most of those associated with Lady Blessington's memoirs he had himself known personally.

The panorama of literary life which he exhibits passed before his own eyes; and the interesting sketches introduced of remarkable persons have the additional value of being also personal recollections.

Dr. Madden likewise was the confidential friend of Lady Blessington for twenty-seven years. He had seen her in the pride of her beauty, had sunned himself in the flashes of her wit, and been a witness of her intellectual triumphs in the brilliant circles of Gore-House; and finally, when the splendor of her life had passed away, we find him standing beside her grave, in a foreign land, a mourning friend amongst the few left to mourn.

With all these advantages of personal knowledge upon most subjects of which he treats, it is not surprising that Dr. Madden has not only produced a work of intense interest—the very best contribution to literary history which has been given to the world during the present century—but has also accomplished the task of biographer, in a manner that may well serve as a model to all future lords and gentlemen who shall undertake to edit literary lives. There is nothing trivial inserted—nothing that has not some permanent interest, as illustrating the characters of remarkable persons. The correspondence, also, is admirably selected, comprising every great name that England has known for the last fifty

years. Letters from all the celebrated men of the era, may be found in it, forming a collection of wit and wisdom, unrivalled in any modern published literary correspondence for variety, extent, and interest.

Dr. Madden is, besides, a practised and eloquent writer—a man of considerable literary eminence, of singular and extensive erudition, to which his far extended travels have greatly contributed; an historian, philosopher, and man of science; with penetrating judgment, extensive experience, and fine, cultivated taste; and yet more, he is a man of a high moral tone of mind, who, as a biographer, would not descend to palliate errors, though with a clear, calm intellect he can trace the exoteric causes that led to them, and separate the unhappy results of circumstance, fatality, destiny, from the soul itself, which may still struggle bravely on to assert its nobility through all the weakness and vacillation of the unguided senses—a struggle which, to those who witness it, is matter for profound sympathy and earnest pity; pity for the combatant called to fight the warfare between the passions and the soul.

Very different judgments have been dealt out by the world upon Lady Blessington—some laudatory as to a shrined idol; others remorseless as death, and cruel as the grave. The philosophic biographer pronounces no ultimate dictum. He only lays the human life before us, with all its faults and follies, for us to search into and reflect upon, and work thereout, for our own life, whatever help we can; this being the primary meaning of all biographies, not the mere satisfying of curiosity. But side by side with the failings and short-comings, he shows us also the indestructible, noble elements of a nature: the generous heart—the tender, womanly feelings; and makes the ever-during good plead pardon, as it were for the transient evil. One is of the soul, immortal and eternal—part of its own undying essence; the other was the result of circumstance—an unguided youth, an unorganized education, a fatal, miserable marriage; and later, the seductive influence of an atmosphere of adulation—the Maelstrom of literary excitement, warring vanities, and agonies of display, into which she was plunged; the turmoil and the glory with which the world always surrounds the beautiful, the wealthy, and the brilliant.

And out of all these mighty influences to evil, she had to work out a pure law of life, for she had been taught none—that stern law which says, *love not the world*. Was it an easy task, think you? Let him or her who has been so gifted, tried, and tempted, answer. And yet there were strivings after it; and deep sadness at conscious failures. And sometimes a sense of the awfulness of life, rose up

* "The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington." By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London: T. C. Newby. 1855.

before her in the still silence of the night, when the incense-clouds of praise no longer threw a mist between her and heaven. For in the record she has left of those hours, called "The Book of Night Thoughts," we can trace dim yearnings for a higher life of purity and power; aspirations for pardon and peace; the viewless sorrow, the inner weeping of a soul over its own sin.

That she was happy, appears nowhere, either in her letters or diaries; yet hers was a life diffusing happiness—all were benefited who approached her. Her kindness was instinct, yet ardent as though it had been passion; and above all women of her time, she fascinated: and fascination is a moral grace, for it has its source in the soul—it is gentleness, kindness, charity. In this, therefore, we find whereon to rest an admiration of her, and out of which to seek a model. A life of radiance and glitter was not wholly lost for higher ends. There were some divine elements in it that at the last hour angels might carry up to the throne of God, to plead for the weak woman's nature that was to stand before his judgment seat. How many timid, struggling intellects she encouraged, till they rose into power and success! How she sympathized with the suffering, relieved the distressed, and supported honorably those who had sacrificed her young life for their own sordid interests. These things we can trace through her correspondence. "I write for money," she says, "and what will sell." "I never write," says Landor, but to better men." Here was the contrast between a weak and an exalted nature. But why does she write trash and twaddle—"whatever the publishers want, and that is always trash?" Was it to deck her person with more jewels? No. In a letter to Landor, she says—"I have been very unwell of late. The truth is, the numerous family of father, mother, sister, brother, and his six children that I have to write for, compels me to write, when my health would demand a total repose from literary exertion."

This father, who was supported, throughout his very good-for-nothing life, by his daughters, three countesses, like the poor old *Père Goriot* in Balzac's novel, was a Mr. Power of Waterford, who afterwards resided at Clonmel with his family—a rough, rude specimen of the Irish middle class of sixty years ago; handsome and rollicking, illiterate and pretentious, fond of rioting and revellings, of field-sports and garrison society, dissipated abroad and brutal at home. In '98 he was a magistrate, hunting rebels, though a Roman Catholic himself; the end of which hunting was, that he shot one under suspicious circumstances of undue haste, was tried for murder, but acquitted. The mother, of the maiden name of

Sheehy, was a plain, uncultivated woman, without pretension of any sort; a negation of all gifts, of whom nothing particular is recorded, but that she died in Clarendon-street, Dublin, some twenty years ago. Of this unpromising pair were born three daughters—Marguerite, who became afterwards Countess of Blessington; Ellen, Viscountess Canterbury; and Mary Anne, Countess de St. Marsault. This exaltation of the Power family seems a strange freak of destiny; nothing leads up to it by any perceptible sequence. That one girl out of the obscure Irish village of Knockbrit should have been raised to the peerage, were a triumph of Irish beauty sufficient to satisfy the imagination of any romancist; but here are *three*, from the one family, too, all destined to wear the coronet.

However, the Sheehys could claim kindred with the best blood in Ireland, though it was only in the old time, long ago. Latterly they had sunk to minor situations, such as provincial editors, masters of workhouses, and the like. Amongst her ancestors by the mother's side, Lady Blessington could claim the chiefs of Thomond, Desmond, Ormond, and the O'Sullivans—dukes, marquises, and barons—high blood and noble, and rebel blood, too; for without it her nature would not have been so intensely Irish. Her mother's father, Edmund Sheehy, was executed for rebellion in 1766; a maternal cousin, Father Sheehy, was, for a like political offence, hanged, drawn, and quartered at Clonmel; and her mother's brother was murdered on his own property. These events, probably, disgusted her early with the romantic theories of Irish revolutionists, out of which no fact ever comes but Death. In one of her letters to Dr. Madden, she says:—"Women, in my opinion, have no business with politics; and I, above all women, have a horror of mixing myself up with them. I must content myself in wishing well to my poor country."

The early days of the young Marguerite were passed at Clonmel, where the father's house became the resort of the usual Irish provincial society—the garrison, the assize bar, and the political adherents of the favorite member. The usual Irish provincial life followed—dancing and drinking, politics and love; but none excited the latter passion, at assize-ball or other provincial festivities, like the two Miss Powers, Marguerite and Ellen. Every one talked of their beauty, their grace in dancing, and their elegance in dress. Every one was in love with them, especially the garrison; and in one day, Marguerite, then but fifteen, had two offers for her hand from officers of family and fortune. One of these gentlemen she liked; the other she feared and dreaded, with an intuitive shrinking dislike and repugnance. But he was "a better match," and her

parents accepted him for their daughter, without consulting her at all on the subject. In her own account of the circumstance, given to Dr. Madden, she says, that when her father announced to her that she was to marry Capt. Farmer, she burst into tears, prayed, and protested, but was answered by menaces and violence ; so that finally "she consented to sacrifice herself, and marry a man for whom she felt the utmost repugnance." She had not been long under her husband's roof, when it became evident that he was subject to fits of insanity (of which her father had been aware, though he concealed the information from her). She lived with him about three months, during which time he frequently treated her with personal violence ; he used to strike her on the face, pinch her till her arms were black and blue, lock her up whenever he went abroad, and has often left her without food till she felt almost famished." Finally she fled from him. Was she to blame for so far ? We think not. As her biographer observes justly : "The interests of religion, of truth, and morality do not require us to throw aside all consideration of the influence of surrounding circumstances, as the antecedents of error, when judging of a single fact." She fled to her father's house, but there was no longer a home for her there. The parents had provided her a destiny, and thought she ought to accept it and make the best of it. There was a Capt. Jenkins, also, of the dragoons, paying attention to Ellen, the second daughter, at this time, and they fancied the beautiful Marguerite made him waver in his allegiance.*

"The father was unkind, more than unkind. She was looked on as an interloper in the house — as one who interfered with the prospects and advancement in life of her sisters." The young girl had again to seek a home, and she went to reside with an aunt. At fifteen, with her beauty and quick warm feelings, and without a father's home or a husband's protection, she was left to battle as she might with the waves of life alone.

About this time the Tyrone militia was stationed at Clonmel ; of which corps Lord Mountjoy and Col. Stewart, of Killymoon, were the successive colonels. They became acquainted with the Power family. Chance brought together people destined for a life-long connection. Twelve or thirteen years

later Lord Mountjoy, afterwards the Earl of Blessington, became the husband of Mrs. Farmer. But we are anticipating. Lord Mountjoy went away, and took a Mrs. Browne under his protection, then living separated from her husband, and, on the husband's death, he married her. They had many children ; but the only legitimate issue of this marriage was Lady Harriet Gardiner, afterwards Countess D'Orsay, and a son who died young.

Meanwhile these thirteen years of Mrs. Farmer's life — the warm spring of life, with its hot sunshine and quick tears — pass by in obscurity, we scarcely know how ; some in Paris, some in London ; but her biographer offers no record of them. She has not attempted literature as yet ; and if her name is heard in the great world of fashion, it is not with plaudits. At length, in 1815, we find her residing in London, and there she again meets Lord Blessington. With extravagant sorrow, and funeral obsequies that cost £4,000, he had buried his first wife, and was now a widower. Three years after, the iron fetters that bound Mrs. Farmer to a dead marriage were also broken. Her husband, Capt. Farmer, killed himself in a fit of half-madness ; and, four months after the catastrophe, his widow became Countess of Blessington.

From this period her real life begins. The former had been a mere protozoic period — chaos and darkness. Now she emerges from the cloud into full splendor and magnificence — wealth, rank, distinction, and celebrity. At once her *salons* are crowded with all the distinguished men of England ; she begins to recognize that she, too, has genius ; and, if ladies of fashion will not patronize her, she can take her position at once as leader of intellect. Now she has attained her proper sphere, and moves in it with such grace and harmony, that all are fascinated who approach her.

It was a long way from the poor Irish village of Knockbritt to the summit of London distinction ; but she has reached it, and graces the elevation. The statue is worthy of the pedestal. Her life we see is opening out into great dramatic scenes, full of startling contrasts. In the first, we beheld a poor young girl, locked up, half-starved, beaten, pinched, insulted by her husband. There seems no hope for her there ; and the scene closes upon a general sobbing of the audience. But the curtain rises for the second act, and lo ! a beautiful woman — throned like a sultana, with all London worshipping at her feet. Is this a compensation, or a trial, to our poor Irish girl ? We shall see. But such is destiny. She is now twenty-eight. Let us pause to contemplate her, as described by her biographer at this period : —

* This gentleman never did become connected by marriage with the Power family. Dr. Madden states that, "when rather advanced in years, he married the Baroness Callabrella, the sister of a gentleman of some notoriety in his day — Mr. Ball Hughes — the widow first of a Mr. Lee, and secondly of a Mr. DeBlaequerre. This lady, who was possessed of considerable means, purchased a small property on the Continent, with some right of seigniorage, from which she derives her title."

In the perfection of matured beauty, her form was exquisitely moulded, inclining to fulness, but no finer proportions could be imagined; her movements natural and graceful at all times, in her merriest as well as gayest moods. The peculiar character of her beauty consisted in the correspondence of every feature with the emotion of her mind. The instant a joyous thought took possession of her fancy, you read it in her sparkling eyes, her laughing lips; you heard it in her ringing laugh, clear and sweet as childhood's merriest tones.

But here was the grand secret of her fascination: —

There was a geniality in the warmth of her Irish feelings, an abandonment of all care, of all apparent consciousness of her own powers of attraction; a glowing sunshine of good-humor and good-nature in the smiles, and wit, and laughter of this lovely woman, seldom surpassed in the looks and expression of any person, however beautiful. Her voice was sweetly modulated, and low, clear, silver-toned. All her beauty, without this exquisite sweetness of her voice, and the witchery of its tones, would have been only a secondary attraction.

Her voice, and this "sweet Irish laugh of hers," are continually alluded to by her admiring correspondents. Indeed, though we cannot speak from experience, her existence to us being nothing more than a tradition of past beauty and mystery, yet it is impossible not to believe in the many fascinations of Lady Blessington, but especially in her beauty and gentle kindness. All her correspondents bear witness to those graces. Her hand had been copied in marble, and Prince Schwartzenberg thus writes concerning it: —

I kiss that lovely hand, even as you permitted me when I took my leave. Send me the one of marble, that I may warm it with my lips. . . . In the midst of my solitude your image comes to console me. I love to recall your enchanting form, and the hours I passed near you seem to me a dream. . . . Write to me two lines, and a third which says Marguerite, and I am happy. When shall I see you again, and recount my adventures while you listen, resting your beautiful hand upon that lovely hair I have admired so often?"

And Moore reminds her of the day when he beheld "two dazzling faces popped out of a window in Sackville-street" (those of the sisters Marguerite and Ellen).

Lord Blessington had kept his second marriage a secret, even from his own friends. None of them were aware of it, until at a dinner given to a distinguished circle in Henrietta-street, in the same room where the £4,000 catafalque of the deceased wife had lain, he entered "with a lady of extraordinary

beauty, and in bridal costume, leaning upon his arm, and presented her as Lady Blessington." Decorations, costly as the catafalque, were now lavished on the new bride. At Mountjoy Forest she found her private sitting-room hung with crimson silk velvet, trimmed with gold. At their hotel in Paris the reception-rooms were fitted up with crimson satin and gold. Gold, and marble, and mirrors, abounded everywhere. But her ladyship's bed-room and dressing-room was "a surprise of splendor, prepared for her by her gallant husband" (to use her own words). — The bed was silvered in place of being gilt, and rested on the backs of two large silver swans. It was placed in a recess, lined with fluted white silk, while pale-blue silk curtains, lined with white, fell from the frieze, which was supported by columns at each side. A silvered sofa, resting on a velvet carpet of pale blue, rich coffers for jewels and India shawls, a silver lamp, and all the ornaments silvered, complete the picture. The dressing-room had hangings of blue silk, covered with lace, and the furniture was all silvered like the bed. The bath-room also, with its draperies of white lace, its marble floor, painted ceiling, and alabaster lamp, in the form of a lotus, is a pretty picture to contemplate; but we have had enough of sybarite upholstery.

The splendid town mansion of the new-married Lord and Lady became, as we have said, the rendezvous of all men of intellect—*literati*, statesmen, artists, eminent men in all professions, were the habitual visitors of the house. Two royal dukes even condescended to do homage at the new shrine of Irish beauty and intellect. Canning and Castlereagh, Lords Palmerston and Russell, Scarlett, Jakyll, Erskine, and other celebrities paid their devoirs there. Kemble and Matthews, Laurence and Wilkie; eminent divines, Parr and others; Rogers and Moore were among her votaries; and all murmured around the fair Countess their homage of admiration, respect, or gratitude; for to all she had shown some courtesy or kindness, special and graceful. All who approached her found sympathy, and by this quick sympathy with others she won their confidence. This was perhaps the great secret of her powers of attraction, and for this beautiful and womanly grace, that made her presence, her letters, her kind words and smiles synonymous with happiness, may many errors be forgiven.

About three years after Lady Blessington's marriage, among the distinguished foreigners who appeared at her house were the Duc de Grammont, and his brother-in-law, the young Count D'Orsay. The Count was handsome as the divine Apollo, and clever and brilliant in addition. With such qualities he soon won the ardent friendship of Lord and Lady Bles-

sington. They were meditating a tour through Italy, and proposed that he should accompany them. The rest of the party consisted of Miss Power, afterwards the Comtesse de St. Marsaud, and Mr. Charles Matthews, the present great comedian, then a youth of twenty, and a protégé of Lord Blessington's. At Genoa they met Lord Byron, who describes Lady Blessington, in a letter to Moore, as "highly literary, and very pretty, even in a morning—a species of beauty on which the sun of Italy does not shine so frequently as the chandelier."

Her ladyship was "disappointed" in Byron:—

"He expressed," she says, "warmly at their departure the pleasure which the visit had afforded him, and she doubted not his sincerity, not from any merit in their party, but simply that Byron liked to hear news of his old associates, and to pass them in review, pronouncing sarcasms on each as they were mentioned. His laugh is musical," she continues, "but he rarely indulged in it during our interview; and when he did, it was quickly followed by a graver aspect, as if he liked not this exhibition of hilarity."

"Were I asked to point out the prominent defect in Byron's manner, I should pronounce it to be a flippancy incompatible with the notion we attach to the author of "Childe Harold," "Manfred;" and a want of self-possession and dignity that ought to characterize a man of birth and genius. Yet his manners are very fascinating—more so, perhaps, than if they were dignified; but he is too gay, too flippant for a poet."

"His lordship," Dr. Madden states, "suffered Lady Blessington to lecture him in prose, and what was worse, in verse; especially on the publicity he gave on his domestic unhappiness, when, as was said, "Byron wept for the press, and wiped his eyes with the public." His lordship wrote her some complimentary lines in return, but her inspiration could not make him rise above some very commonplace doggrel.

That same year, 1823, they parted at Genoa, with much mutual regret, even tears—the Blessingtons for the gayeties of Rome and Naples; Byron for glory, and a grave in Greece.

If any intellect be lying latent in a human frame, it must awaken in Italy, where the earth is grand and the heavens beautiful; and especially in the silent Rome, where the great dead of old lie stretched upon their monumental seven hills. Besides, travelling is employment—what all women want, and the increased activity of the brain finds a manifestation somehow in the life. Lady Blessington not only beheld, but studied the world around her. Then it was her literary ambition was aroused, and the sense of power

awoke in her. She read much, and strove to penetrate the beauty and mystery of the Past, whether in art or literature; always, too, under the guidance of some leading intellect.—At Genoa she had studied poetry in a poet's heart. At Rome, Naples, and Florence, she talked of antiquities with Sir William Gell; of literature with Lord Morpeth; and of all that was deep and noblest in the antique life with Walter Savage Landor.

Uwins the painter, Westmacott, Maclise, Sir John Herschell, were also her daily companions. With them she could investigate the heavens and the earth, temples and tombs, fallen columns, and fragments of dead gods, a new planet, or a buried city. Mr. Charles Matthews thus describes the mode of life at Blessington Villa, in Naples:—

A paradise of a place, with a splendid view of the Mediterranean and surrounding mountains, Vesuvius in the centre. Nothing can be more delightful than the exterior and interior. Lady Blessington is more charming than ever. This is the place, with all its associations, to draw out the resources of her mind; to discover her talents, and be captivated by them. Our evenings are charming; we have each of us a table in the same room, at which we prosecute our various studies, writing, drawing, reading etc. All our conversations, which are frequent, are upon improving subjects; the classics, the existing antiquities around us. We write essays upon various subjects proposed, which are read in the evening, opposed and defended. I am treated as one of the family. I make all my drawings in the room with them, and am going to instruct Lady Blessington in architecture.—It is proposed, as all of us desire to improve ourselves in Italian, that we should learn in a class, devoting an hour each day to that study. For antiquarian research we have all the ancient authors here to refer to. In short there never were people so perfectly happy as we are. Whenever any excursion is proposed, the previous evening is employed in reading and informing ourselves thoroughly about what we are going to see.

Every one of these distinguished Italian friends continued their intimacy with Lady Blessington by frequent letters, after her return to London; and thus we are indebted to this continental tour for the brilliant correspondence, which forms the chief interest of her published life.

In 1823, while in Genoa, Lord Blessington lost his only legitimate son, the heir to his estates—the son of his first wife—for the second Lady Blessington had no children; upon which event he drew up a will, so singular in its provisions that Dr. Madden imputes it to partial insanity. By this will he bequeathed all his property, except some legacies and the Tyrone estate, to Count D'Orsay, and

whichever of his two daughters Count D'Orsay chose to marry ; and in case of refusal on the part of either of the daughters selected, she was to receive but £10,000. These two daughters were Mary Gardiner, illegitimate, aged twelve, and Lady Harriet Gardiner, legitimate, aged eleven, both daughters of the one mother. To Lady Blessington he left a jointure of £3,000 a-year. But two months after, when the will was legally executed, this jointure was reduced to £2,000 a-year, while the other provisions remained the same. A strange infatuation for Count D'Orsay this appears, to offer him the choice of either of his daughters, with a bribe of a vast property appended, while the daughters themselves were then but children, who had never seen Count D'Orsay, having been brought up in Dublin under the care of an aunt.

When the will was executed, General Count D'Orsay, father to Count Alfred, accompanied by Lord Blessington, went to Ireland to see the estates, and the young ladies. Lady Harriet was selected as the future bride, her legitimacy, perhaps, being the motive of preference with the proud D'Orsay family. Meanwhile, as the young Count is not mentioned as being of the party to Ireland, he probably remained in Italy with Lady Blessington—Curiosity even did not prompt him to go and see his bride.

Four years after this arrangement, the young girl was sent for to Naples from Ireland, and the marriage took place. Count D'Orsay was then twenty-six, the bride fifteen ; and her supposed rival in the Count's affections was thirty-seven ; a disparity of years which almost precludes the idea of any rivalry whatever.

The Count received £40,000 fortune with his wife, and " separated himself from her almost at the church door."

Dr. Madden, when on his way back from Egypt, met the Blessingtons about this time at Rome, and thus describes the young bride :—

Lady Harriet was exceedingly girlish-looking, pale and rather inanimate in expression, silent and reserved. There was no appearance of familiarity with any one around her; no air or look of womanhood, no semblance of satisfaction in her new position, were to be observed in her demeanor or deportment. She seldom or ever spoke, she was little noticed, and looked on as a mere school-girl.

I think her feelings were driven inward by the sense of slight and indifference, and by the strangeness and coldness of everything around her; and she became indifferent, and strange, and cold, and apparently devoid of all vivacity and interest in society. People were mistaken in her, and she, perhaps, mistaken in others. Her father's act had led to all these misconceptions, ending in suspicions, animosities, aver-

sions, and total estrangements. In the course of a few years, the girl of childish mien and listless looks, who was so silent, and apparently inanimate became a person of remarkable beauty, *spirituelle*, and intelligent, the reverse in all respects of what she was considered when misplaced and misunderstood.

It was an unhappy marriage (he adds), and nothing to any useful purpose can be said of it, except that Lord Blessington sacrificed his child's happiness, by causing her to marry without consulting her inclinations or interests.

However, the D'Orsays and the Blessingtons continued to reside together during the remainder of their stay abroad ; but as eight years had now been passed travelling, they thought of turning homewards. At Genoa, on their return, Lady Blessington was reminded at every spot of Byron, from whom she had there parted five years before :—

While thus musing one day, she saw a young English girl, who resembled Byron in an extraordinary degree, accompanied by an elderly lady. The English girl was "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," and the elderly lady was her mother—the widow of Lord Byron.

The year 1829 was passed at Paris in the splendid Hotel Ney, but the sudden death of Lord Blessington broke up the establishment at once. By this event her ladyship found herself reduced to an income of only £2,000 a-year, in place of £30,000 ; and besides she really seemed to regret her husband's death from personal affection for him.

In her confidential letters long after, she speaks of much unkindness experienced at this period, after his death—of much suffering she had gone through, we do not know of what nature ; for Dr. Madden states only, that " painful circumstances " obliged the family to leave Paris ; and accordingly, the year following, 1830, Lady Blessington proceeded to London, accompanied by the Count and Countess D'Orsay. In a short time the Countess D'Orsay returned to Paris, and her husband rented a small house in Curzon street, adjoining Lady Blessington's residence in Seymour-place : but after her removal to Gore House, the Count took up his abode entirely under the same roof with her ladyship. Some time after a deed of separation was drawn up between the Count and Lady Harriet, by which he relinquished his claim on the Blessington estates for the sum of £100,000, which was agreed to, and paid by successive instalments.

On Lady Blessington's return to London, she seriously turned her thoughts to authorship, as a means of increasing a very diminished income. First appeared, in *The New Monthly*, her " Conversations with Lord By-

ron." The papers attracted immense notice, in consequence of the morbid curiosity, then quite an epidemic, to know something or anything of what Byron thought, said, or did.— The literary reputation of the Countess was at once established, and from that till her death, novels, tales, reviews, verses, etc., never ceased flowing from her pen, all of the most mediocre nature certainly, but still they brought her an income of about two thousand a year, or more. Not that we are to judge of their merits by that fact. Her ladyship did not write absolute trash certainly — on the contrary, she sometimes uttered very shrewd, common sense opinions; but there was such a total want of elevation of feeling or depth of thought in all her works, that it was impossible to read them with profit, or remember them with interest. She had neither Lady Morgan's wit, nor Mrs. Norton's almost agonizing pathos; and if compared with the lady authoresses her contemporaries, must in all things be named the lowest of the list. We speak of her works in the past tense, for they have probably disappeared from all memories and all libraries; or if they have not, we would recommend them (in Carlyle's phrase) to gather them up with all possible speed, and be off to the dust-bin.

Something vastly more attractive than penmanship and authorship were the fascinations that surrounded Lady Blessington, and which made her irresistible — grace, beauty, brilliancy, and kindness. Why should a woman with these gifts stain her fair hands with ink, and dim her eyes at midnight with manuscripts? Yet this she did for twenty long years of her life, working, ay, as hard as any factory-girl at her loom, and for the same reason — to support herself — not only herself, but seven or eight members of her family besides; and in addition, all the poor Irish cousins from Clonmel — an interminable, exacting, long-lived, vigorous race, like all Irish cousins, requiring a great deal to keep up their systems. In one of her letters, she says:—

I am so constantly and fatiguingly occupied in copying and correcting, that I have not a moment to myself.

Again:—

When I tell you that I have no less than three works passing through the press, and have to furnish the manuscript to keep the printers at work for one of them, you may judge of my uneasiness and overwhelming occupation, which leave me time neither for pleasure nor for taking air or exercise enough for health. I am literally worn out. I look for release from my literary toils more than ever a slave did from bondage. I never get out any day before five o'clock. I am suffering in health from too much writing.

The entire novel of "The Repealers" was written in five weeks; and in a letter to Dr. Madden, dated 4th of March, she says:—

When I tell you that I have six hundred pages to write and compose between this and the end of the month for a work, which, unless completed by that period, I forfeit my engagement, you will understand why I cannot read over the story you sent me, and which, I am persuaded, is like all I have seen from your pen — graphic, and full of talent.

And yet, withal, year after year, her expenditure was more than double her income. Fashionable life and literary notoriety are expensive pleasures, as she found one day to her cost, when the poor brain, with all its toil, could no longer meet the expenses of the worthless body with all its necessary luxuries, and appanages, and decorations. Upon this state of affairs the wise editor remarks:—

Little was she aware of the nature of literary pursuits, or the precariousness of their remuneration, if she imagined that secure and permanent emoluments could be derived from such sources. A lady of quality who sits down in fashionable life to get a livelihood by literature, or the means of sustaining herself or her position at the hands of publishers, had better build any other description of castles in the air, however, ethereal the order of architecture may be.

Too true; for does not Carlyle describe this weird race of publishers as "seated in their back-parlor Valhallas, drinking wine out of the skulls of authors." Very terrible to think of! But when the pen was laid aside, and the weary daily task ended, then the enchanted gates were unfolded, and the tired toiler over manuscript became transformed into the brilliant idol of a brilliant circle.

Every evening, from ten to half-past twelve, Gore House was thrown open to visitors, like to a temple of Minerva, to which all literary votaries went up nightly to worship. The high priestess takes her position at once, as centre and leader, and all revolve around her, suns, satellites, and stars. Stars there were in plenty. They came, not singly, nor even in binary combination, but in whole systems. A perfect *via lactea* of literary luminaries flashed through her *salons* each evening. — What was this strange, indefinable, subtle, yet permanent charm which attracted to her circle every man of note in England, from the great Wellington down to the small annualists, and Alarie Watts? Her writings, we have said, were not beyond mediocrities, and her conversation, however gay and sparkling, was yet wholly devoid of real wit or energetic power. Compare her with the supreme De Stael, the deep wise Rahel of Germany,

the intensely earnest Margaret Fuller, of America, and how commonplace and unsatisfying, as mental reagents, do all her recorded sayings fall upon the ear and heart. Was the flattery, then, that gilded her life, elicited mainly by the coronet on her escutcheon? — Perhaps so; especially likely, when the coronet on the brow crowned so much beauty and enough of genius to found sonnets on; for beauty makes a surprising difference in the reception a woman meets with in society, and the air of superiority she is privileged to assume there:—

The swinging of the censer before the fair face of Lady Blessington never ceased in those *salons*; and soft accents of homage to her beauty and talent seldom failed to be whispered in her ear, while she sat enthroned in her well-known *fauteuil* (Willis tells us it was of yellow satin), holding high court in queen-like state—the most gorgeous Lady Blessington!

Truly, a life of intoxicating excitement, but fatal to all earnestness of thought; talent laid on the salver of publicity, to be breathed upon and dimmed, so as best only to reflect the shows and surfaces of things. Was it wonderful that her literature reflected her life, dealing only with the follies and crimes, or the fashion and glitter of social life; and never descending with searching analysis into the real healthy humanity, such as God created, and meant to be immortal, to seek for noble types and strengthening principles of action?

The editor makes some very just remarks on the inevitable tendencies of a nature fed by indiscriminate flatteries; and on the bad effects of a life of literary display upon the mind:—

Those to whom the art of pleasing becomes a business daily to be performed, pass from the excitement of society into exhaustion, languor and ennui, and from this state they are roused to new efforts in the salons by a craving appetite for notice and for praise. Lady Blessington had that fatal gift of pre-eminent attractiveness in society, which has rendered so many clever women distinguished and unhappy. The power of pleasing indiscriminately is never long exercised by women with advantage to the feminine character of their fascinations.

The facility of making one's self so universally agreeable in literary salons, as to be there 'the observed of all observers,' becomes in a time fatal to naturalness of character and sincerity of mind. Relations with intellectual celebrities must be kept up by constant administrations of cordial professions of kindness and affection, epistolatory and conversational, and frequent interchange of compliments and encomiums.

The praiser and the praised have a nervous apprehension of depreciation; and those who live

before the public in literature or society, get not unfrequently into the habit of lavishing eulogies, with a view to repayment in the same coin. The queen regnant of a literary circle must at length become an actress there; she must adapt her manners, her ideas, her conversation, by turns to those of every individual around her. She must be perpetually demonstrating her own attractions and attainments, or calling forth those of others. She must become a slave to the caprices, envious feelings, contentions, rivalries, selfish aims, ignoble artifices, and *exigeants* pretensions of literati, artistes, and all the notabilities of fashionable circles.

Besides, the wear and tear of literary life leave very unmistakable evidence of their operation on the traits, thoughts, and energies of bookish people. Like the ceaseless efforts of Sisyphus, are the pursuits of the literati, treading on the heels of one another, day after day, tugging with unremitting toil at one uniform task—to obtain notoriety, to overcome competition, and having met with some success, to maintain a position at any cost.

It was in Lady Blessington's time that the epidemic of illustrated annuals broke out in England, which raged with considerable flimminess and platitude for about twenty years. Her ladyship of course became an editress; for, as her biographer asserts, with laudable candor, "she had a great facility for versification, and her verse was quite equal to the ordinary run of *bouts rhymées*."

Besides, a titled editress was indispensable as nurse to the small literary buds of fashion that lisped their pretty twaddle in gilded annuals, while the lady herself loved celebrities and display; and —

This occupation brought her into contact with almost every literary man of eminence in the kingdom, or of any foreign country who visited England. But it also involved an enormous expense, far beyond any amount of remuneration derived from editing the works. It made a necessity for entertaining continually persons to whom she looked for contributions, or from whom she had received assistance. It involved her, moreover, in all the drudgery of authorship, in all the turmoil of contention with publishers, communication with artists, and never-ending correspondence with contributors. In a word, it made her life miserable.

The whole system of the annuals was, in fact, a speculation based upon personal vanity.—Court beauties had their pictures engraved with (as Dickens describes) the traditional back-ground of flower-pots; and then verses were ordered by the editor to suit these por traits. When the mothers of the nobility were exhausted, the annualists turned to the children of the nobility, whose portraits came out with impossible eyes and hair, white frocks, the flower-pot, and a dog. For them verses were

in like manner ordered; and of course the sale was unprecedented. Thus, we find Lady Blessington petitioning a contributor, and really a man of genius, though he had caught the epidemic, Dr. William Beattie, for "three or four stanzas for the work named 'Buds and Blossoms,' to contain the portraits of the children of the nobility—the children for the illustration are the three sons of the Duke of Buccleuch, and an allusion to the family would add interest to the subject."

To the same poet, too yielding, perhaps, not to be made the prey of these infantile bores, she writes again with lamentable pertinacity:—

Will you write me a page of verse for the portrait of Miss Forrester; the young lady is seated with a little dog on her lap, which she looks at rather pensively; she is fair, with light hair, and is in mourning.

During the palmy days of the pensive annuals, Lady Blessington made about £2,000 a-year by them, for they had this advantage to editors, that contributors were seldom paid except where a great name was sought for, at any price, to look impressive in the index.—Thomas Moore was offered £600 for one-hundred-and-twenty lines, in either prose or poetry, for "The Keepsake," which he declined. But at length "the public were surfeited with illustrated annuals. The perpetual glorification even of beauty became a bore; the periodical paens, sung in honor of the children of the nobility ceased to be amusing. Lords and ladies ready to write on any subject, and fashionable editors and editresses, there was no dearth of; but readers were not to be had for love or money." A failure in Lady Blessington's income was the result. Besides, of late years it was with difficulty she could find a publisher for her novels. They would not sell; yet she continued to write them, for it kept up the excitement of her life, and friends still praised — how falsely and absurdly it is painful to read, for the sake of literary and critical honor and veracity. Had she no friends, who, when they saw her with all these irons in the fire, about new novels and the like, for making money, would boldly say, as did Dr. Johnson on a similar occasion; "Madam,—Put your novels with your irons." On the contrary, they write thus to the poor blinded one—"You have all the tact, truth, and grace of *De Staél*." And concerning another novel, whose name is not even worth remembering now, "It reminds me greatly of *Godwin's* writings." Again, "Your style is peculiarly fluent and original; I do not remember any specimen of 'The Rambler' equal to it." This is only equalled by Lady Blessington telling some poet, never heard of

since, who had sent her a poem of his for her perusal, that it was "beyond anything in Shakspeare!"

When annuals and publishers had all failed, her ladyship turned her attention to newspapers. Her last novel, "Country Quarters," appeared in one. And she accepted an engagement from the *Daily News*, at the rate of £400 a-year, for contributing *Exclusive Intelligence, or Gossiping News from High Quarters*; but she thought her services worth £800 a-year, and gave up the engagement after six months. Still her writings, such as they were, brought her an average income of about £1,000 a-year; while Southeby, with all his great wisdom, great learning, and undoubted ability, was, at the same time, only making about two or three hundred, and glad even to to secure that. But then, four times the amount of Lady Blessington's literary gains was spent in keeping up the *prestige* of her name as a literary leader. With what lavish magnificence she threw open Gore-House for the entertainment of authors and publishers, contributors, high-bred eulogists, and unscrupulous laudators! All who could write or help writers, all aspirants or conquerors in the lists of Fame, found themselves in the enchanted palace of the beautiful Armida, and unable to resist her spells.

Meanwhile, the handsome and gifted Count D'Orsay added not a little to the brilliancy of these celebrated receptions. We have said that he was twelve years younger than Lady Blessington; a man, by all accounts, of surpassing wit, and beauty of appearance; so that for twenty years he led the fashion, rather laid down the law, in London, in dress, manners, and conversation. In fact, as a French periodical expressed it, "D'Orsay taught the English aristocracy how to converse." Beyond this, too, he was a gifted artist. 150 portraits, executed by him, of the celebrities of Gore-House, are in existence, and have been lithographed and published by Mr. Lane. His statuettes and busts excited unmeasured praise from all judges — from the cold, severe Wellington, as well as the spiritual Lamartine. Haydon the painter, with one of his vivid picturesque touches, thus describes him in his "Diary":—"About seven D'Orsay called, whom I had not seen for long. He was much improved, and looking the 'glass of fashion and the mould of form,' really a complete Adonis, not made up at all. He made some capital remarks, all of which must be attended to. They were sound impressions, and grand. He bounded into his cab like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus. I looked after him. I like to see such specimens." Again, another entry—"D'Orsay called, and pointed out several things to correct in the horse (the Duke's Waterloo charger), verify-

ing Lord Fitzroy's criticism. I did them; and he took up my brush in his dandy gloves, which made my heart ache, and lowered the hind quarters by bringing over a bit of the sky. Such a dress —white great coat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curling, hat of the primest curve and purest water, gloves scented with eau-de-Cologne, or au-de-jasmine, primrose in tint, skin in tightness. In this prime of dandyism, he took up a nasty, oily, dirty, hogtrot, and immortalized Copenhagen by touching the sky."

We have mentioned the strange circumstances of his marriage, and how he had separated himself from his young wife, and taken up his abode entirely at Gore-House. A life of literature and magnificence, of artistic employment and thoughtless expenditure, seemed to suit his Athenian nature. Tradespeople gave him unlimited credit, for his taste in dress was so perfect, that whatever he wore became the fashion, and they felt sufficiently compensated by being allowed to have the honor of announcing that he employed them.

But how strangely are the extremes of society connected! Because the fields are lying black round an Irish cabin, the great London world of Life and light is thrown into terror and dismay!

The potato blight fell upon Gore House. Irish rents were not paid; and as soon as the suspicion of inability to meet demands got abroad, demands poured in. There were no means of meeting them. Lady Blessington's expenditure had long been more than double her receipts. Confusion and dismay came gathering darkly over the magnificence.

The lady's diamonds are pledged to meet the most urgent claims. But bills are like the frogs of Egypt, interminable and obtrusive.—They came up into Pharaoh's chamber. £300 for Count D'Orsay's boots; £4,000 for India shawls, silks and laces for my lady. Day by day payment was evaded. Then executions were threatened; and so, while rank and genius were glittering in the *salons*, bailiffs were watching at the hall-door. For two years it was thus; the hall-door never opened but with precautions. For two years the brilliant D'Orsay could only venture out on Sundays for fear of arrest.

At length, a bailiff got entrance in disguise. The lady sees that all is over, and sends a quick message to the Count's room that he has not a minute to lose. So he escapes by a back door, with a single valet and a portmanteau, and flies for refuge to France — never to behold England more — leaving debts behind him to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds.

Thus ended the magnificent London career of Count D'Orsay — the man who had revolutionized London society, and made the Eng-

lish aristocracy, for twenty years, his servile imitators.

A fortnight after his flight, Lady Blessington, with her nieces, also quitted London, never more to return either, and followed the Count to Paris, leaving her entire property at the mercy of her creditors.

The sale then commenced at Gore-House. The library of 5000 volumes, the magnificent specimens of the fine arts, the costly ornaments of these celebrated *salons*, were all sold. By the express command of Lady Blessington, nothing was reserved from the creditors, except her own picture by Chalon. The sale realized above £13,000, out of which eleven pounds balance, after paying the debts, was handed over to Lady Blessington. Twenty thousand persons visited the house previous to the auction; and of all these, but one is recorded as having shown any visible emotion at the wreck of a prosperity in which most of them had shared. Who, think you? Thackeray, the caustic satirist of woman, the harsh denouncer of their follies, the author whose name, above all others is hateful to the sex; whose theory of women is expressed with bitter irony in one formula; all clever women are wicked, and all good women are fools; and yet this man, with the oblique vision that sees only distortions of humanity, must have felt that some beautiful quality, some gentleness, kindness, generosity, or tenderness, existed in the heart that had once vivified that desolate magnificence; for he wept; and one thinks better of Mr. Thackeray for those tears.

Dr. Madden happened to be present at the sale, and thus describes this tragedy of fashion:—

There was a large assemblage of people of rank. Every room was thronged; the well-known library-saloon, in which the *conversations* took place, was crowded, but not with guests. The arm-chair, in which the lady of the mansion was wont to sit, was occupied by a stout, coarse gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, busily engaged in examining a marble hand extended on a book, the fingers of which were modelled from a cast of those of the absent mistress of the establishment. People, as they passed through the room, poked the furniture, pulled about the precious objects of art and ornaments of various kinds that lay on the table, and some made jests and ribald jokes on the scene they witnessed. In another apartment, where the pictures were being sold, portraits by Lawrence, sketches by Landseer and Mache, innumerable likenesses of Lady Blessington, by various artists; several of the Count D'Orsay, representing him driving, riding out on horseback, sporting, and at work in his studio; his own collection of portraits of all the frequenters of Gore-House, in quick succession, were brought to the hammer. It was the most signal ruin of an establishment of a person of high rank I had ever witnessed.

Gore-House itself had also a destiny: first, it belonged to the great Wilberforce, who records how he "repeated the 119th Psalm there in great comfort;" then Lady Blessington became the proprietor, upon which James Smith wrote—

"The chains from which he freed the Blacks
She rivets on the Whites;"

from her hands it passed to those of the renowned Soyer. "The culinary replaced the literary," and so forever after, Gore-House will be associated with social freedom, mental light, and corporeal regeneration.

Lady Blessington quitted London in April, 1849. The whole fabric of her greatness had crumbled in the dust. At sixty years of age, she found herself a fugitive in Paris—youth, beauty, wealth, *prestige*, magnificence, all gone. Nothing remained to her but her energetic intellect. By this she strove to build up another future. Already she planned new works of literature, and new modes of life.—A biography of remarkable women was to issue from her pen, and she was to spare no pains in reading up for it. She took a new residence and furnished it with all that elegance of luxury and oriental brilliancy of decoration which she could not help evidencing. The taste was instinctive to her—part of her nature. The spirit of her youth seemed to come back to brave the desolation of her age, but the heart was silently breaking the while: what wonder if it were so? On the 3rd of June, just seven weeks after the flight from her London home, she removed to her new residence in Paris, from the hotel where she had been located, her health and spirits apparently good, even better than usual. But that morning she had already entered the dark shadow of death, although those around her saw it not. Pomp and pleasure, praise and fame, and all the lights of life were going out one by one, and God alone is by her in the last darkness. That night she died, not without some suffering, but yet apparently unconscious that the fiat of her doom had gone forth. No priest knelt by her bedside, no prayer seems to have been uttered. Her last words were, "Quelle heure est il?" and then she passed calmly into eternity. The last hour of the clock of time had tolled for her.

She was buried at St. Germain. Her mausoleum was designed by Count D'Orsay, and her epitaph written by Barry Cornwall and Walter Savage Landor; while Irish ivy, brought for the purpose from her native village, was planted round her grave. The story of her life seemed thus symbolized by her tomb.

Count D'Orsay's grief at her death is described as almost frantic; besides, he experienced most bitter disappointment, it is said, at

the cold reception given him by Louis Napoleon, of whom both he and Lady Blessington had once been the friends and benefactors.

Once, indeed, they had been invited to dine at the *Elysée*; but, for eighteen months previous to the Count's death, the Emperor took no notice of him whatever.

Thus, without fortune, without friends, and deprived of her who had been his companion for twenty years, Count D'Orsay naturally fell into melancholy, then into bad health; and finally, about three years after Lady Blessington's death, he died, and was laid in the same tomb, in the stone sarcophagus which he had ordered to be placed there for himself at the time of her interment. Five months after his death the Countess D'Orsay married a second time.*

Count D'Orsay had many gifts, yet, withal, he can never stand before the mind as a character that interests. A life of vanities and fopperies, of egoism and weakness, though passed amidst the beauties of art and the excitement of literary society, was still a life without divinity; and we turn, with feelings stronger even than disapproval, from the contemplation of the marriage, and the neglect of the young wife, while at the same time he squandered her patrimony. When friendless and fallen, we feel, not sorrow, but a sort of gladness that retribution was exacted; and then only when he is weak and suffering, wounded and broken in spirit, does the man attain any dignity in our eyes. Suffering seems to purify and enoble all natures; for we recognize it as the shadow of God's presence upon a human life. But one has true pity for the sunny heart darkened into error by the force of circumstances, and the harsh will of those who ruled its fate. The biography of a woman is always sad—a war between feeling and destiny—but that of a gifted woman especially so; for high intellect and vivid passions are hard to rule, and tame, and formalize: and such exceptional natures seem to have a singular inaptitude for the contracted sphere within which society places them.

Even in the limited space of the current half-century, how many, if not wretched, at least unhappy hearts and blighted lives can be enumerated amongst those who possessed the fatal gift of intellect. Mrs. Hemans; the beautiful and most richly endowed Caroline Norton; Lady Lytton Bulwer, who seems to have flung down the gauntlet to male humanity with helpless rage; they only smile at her indignant sense of wrong, and bid her suffer and be silent. And saddest of all, lies "L. E. L." in her death-sleep on that fatal foreign

* The Honorable Spencer Cowper, brother to Lady Jocelyn.

shore; but we cannot think beside such a grave, it is enough to weep.

All these lives were no doubt beautiful in their aurora light; but the moment they rose in mental power above the prescribed level of their sex, the lightning struck them.

Lady Blessington was not exempt from this apparent law of Providence; her own testimony of herself is, "I have drank the cup of bitterness to the very dregs." The great fault of her character seemed to be an incapacity for profound thought on any subject. She lived on passionately from day to day—excitement the very vital breath of her existence; never caring or thinking whither it was all tending, but purposing, some day or other, when she had time, to think seriously about religion—and thus it was till the end came. There is therefore no tragedy in her life; no deep earnestness, and therefore no despair.—If she begins a letter with a few melancholy phrases, she ends—"The opera is charming; I never miss a night."

Though born and reared a Roman Catholic, yet she talks of herself, on one occasion, as "a stern Protestant," merely because those around her were so; and she forgot, for the moment, exactly what she believed. Another time, with the same comprehensive sympathy, she speaks of her "proud feelings as an English-woman," quite oblivious of Tipperary and the murdered Sheehys; though, when writing to Dr. Madden, her love for "her poor country" is ardently expressed—and this, not from the falsehood, but the levity of her nature; for, being herself incapable of deep fanatic feeling on any subject, she unconsciously, or good-naturedly, from a wish to please, echoed the sentiments of those more earnest souls with whom she came in contact. Therefore we seek in vain in her writings for any revelations of the inner world, wrought out of earnest, patient reflection on the mystery and the sacred ends of life. No spirit-voice chanted to her, as it has done to higher natures:—

"Each word we speak has infinite effects;
Each soul we pass must go to heaven or hell—
God! fight we not within a cursed world;
And this, our one chance through eternity?
Be earnest, earnest, earnest; mad, if thou
wilt;
Do what thou dost as if the stake were
heaven,
And it thy last deed, ere the judgment day."

Yet every life, however weak, has something in it which may teach, either as a warning or a model. It is only in the lives of others, not in our own, that we can study human life as a whole—our own life is fragmentary. We pass blindfold into each successive moment with trembling volition, knowing not

what the dictum of our decision may bring forth. Clear vision comes only when it is too late, and we see then how error and misery came of egoism and blind passion. But in biography, if uttered truly, we trace clearly the inseparable connection between weakness and suffering, error and punishment, sin and remorse; and we start back warned from the same fatal path. While, on the other hand, the records of courage will strengthen, and earnestness inspire, long after the heroes or martyrs have been laid low in their graves. And thus it is that the hands of the dead guide us best through the future.

We have spoken of the correspondence of Lady Blessington as full of interest, and to this we turn willingly; for though she herself did not contribute much to it either of wit or learning, yet she elicited both, in a remarkable degree, from those who came within her influence; and we can estimate the power she exercised over her age by the number of celebrated men who felt proud to be ranked amongst her correspondents.

A woman, truly, is the genius of epistolary communication. Men always write better to a woman than to their own sex. No doubt they conjure up, while writing, the loving, listening face, the tender, pardoning heart, the ready tear of sympathy, and passionate confidences of heart and brain flow rapidly from the pen—confidences that never would have been revealed to spirits made of sterner stuff.

There is one noticeable characteristic of Lady Blessington's own letters, which is, the entire absence of literary egotism. There is no seeking for praise or compliment upon her own works; on the contrary, they are treated of slightly, thrown off in a phrase as things of no value; while whatever concerns the friend she may be writing to, his acts, words, works, and feelings, are discussed with the most ardent and apparently genuine interest.

Always she has some pleasant word of praise to utter, or favorable notice of them to repeat, which had come to her knowledge. Besides which, we find her aiding them always as best she could, with publishers and the public; getting their works printed, often correcting the proofs herself, and undertaking to write favorable reviews in the leading journals. No wonder that all her friends loved to hear from her and to cultivate the correspondence of one who never wrote but to please. Landor, in one of his letters to her, says, with an intensity of appreciation, one cannot help feeling half jealous of when uttered by such a man:—"With your knowledge of the world, and what is rarer, of the human heart, the man is glorified who enjoys your approbation; what, then, if he enjoys your friendship!"

What articles of kind flattery and graceful falsehood she must have poured from her pen for the thousand literary friends who all wrote books or verses, and who all demanded from her praise-public or praise-private. Every literary journal, probably, could bear evidence of this amiable mendacity of friendship. *Vicomte D'Arlincourt*, a French gentleman who travelled through England and Ireland, and who assisted, it is said, at the coronation of O'Connell upon Tara of the Kings, writes to her ladyship on the publication of his travels, in this strain:—

"I long to hear what the London journals say about it. No doubt at *your* solicitation they will accord me a favorable notice. Let some rays of your glory fall upon my humble work laid at your feet, and its success will be brilliant, and its author will bless you."

Again:—

"Sweet sister, my travels will soon appear; oh, sustain them, protect them; Let a palm leaf from your coronal fall on them as a talisman of protection. There is no need to recommend my pecuniary interests; for I know that you will look after *them* also."

"Talk of my book! Make it talked of! patronized by you, it must become the fashion.

"My tutelary angel, a thousand thanks for your charming article in the *Court Journal*. Continue to help my book, sweet sister; sustain its steps upon a foreign soil."

As we have said, the correspondence includes every memorable name in English literature, from the dead Lord Byron to the living Walter Savage Landor, that noblest of literary veterans, the last of a Titan race, who still retains the energy and force of youth, with the matured wisdom of an eighty year's life, and who stands, like *Monte Blanc*, among his present youthful contemporaries, in grand and unapproachable majesty. His letters alone, full of originality and deep thought, are worth the whole of *Moore's* published correspondence put together. What wisdom, beauty, poetry, and sublimity in his "Conversations," a work that will be immortal in our literature! Lady Blessington tells him in one of her letters how he is praised, and he answers scornfully, yet feelingly:—

"I did not believe such kind things would be said of me for a century to come. Perhaps, before we meet, even fashionable persons will pronounce my name without an apology, and I may be patted on the head by dandies, with all the gloss on their coats, and unfrayed straps to their trousers.

"It occurs to me that authors are beginning to think it an honest thing to pay their debts; and that they are debtors to all by whose labor and charges the fields of literature have been cleared

and sown. We have been a rascally gang hitherto. Few writers have said all the good they thought of others, and fewer have concealed the ill. They praise their friends, because their friends, it may be hoped, will praise them. As these propensities seem inseparable from the literary character, I have always kept aloof from authors where I could.

"*Southey* stands erect, and stands alone. I love him no less for his integrity than his genius. No man, in our days, has done a twentieth part for the glory of literature."

Of Coleridge he says:—

"The opium-eater calls Coleridge the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive that has yet existed amongst men. Impiety to *Shakspeare*! treason to *Milton*! I give up the rest, even *Bacon*. Certainly, since their day, we have seen nothing at all comparable to him. *Byron* and *Scott* were but as gunlins to a granite mountain. *Wordsworth* has one angle of resemblance; *Southey* has written more, and all well, and much admirably. *Foster* has said grand things about me; but I sit upon the earth with my heels under me, looking up devoutly to this last glorious ascension. Never ask me about the rest. If you do, I shall only answer in the cries that you are likely to hear at this moment from your window—Ground ivy! ground ivy! ground ivy!"

One would like to quote every line that Landor has written, but as that is impossible, we must content ourselves with plucking and setting down a stray thought here and there; and refer the reader to the correspondence itself, where he may wander in a wilderness of thought which we must leave unexplored:—

"Do not be angry with me for my sincerity as regards *Byron*. The bosom of *Byron* never could hold the urn in which the muse of Tragedy embalms the dead. There have been four magic poets in the world. We await the fifth monarchy, and like the Jews with the *Messiah*, we shall not be aware of it till it comes."

"The Rhine, exclusive of its castles and legends, will bear no comparison with the Lake of *Como*. It wants majestic trees, it wants Italian skies, it wants idleness and repose. The two most heavenly of heavenly things, the most illusory of illusions—

"Most things are real to me, except realities."

"I abet the character of *Rousseau*, but I cannot resist his eloquence. He had more of it, and finer than any man. *Demosthenes* was a contracted heart, and even *Milton's* was vitiated by the sourness of theology."

"I have this instant sent your note to poor ______. It has made him very ill. He is about to publish a drama on the *Deluge*, on which he tells me he has been engaged for twenty years. You cannot be surprised that he is grievously

and hopelessly afflicted, having had water on his brain so long."

"I find that Coleridge has lost the beneficent friend at whose house he lived. George IV., the vilest wretch in Europe, gave him £100 a-year. Enough, in London, to buy three turnips and half an egg a day. Those men surely were the most dexterous of courtiers who resolved to show William that his brother was *not* the vilest, by dashing the half egg and three turnips from the plate of Coleridge. No such action as this is recorded of our administration in the British annals."

"When I was at Oxford, I wrote my opinion on the origin of the religion of the Druids. It appeared to me that Pythagoras, who settled in Italy, had ingrafted, on a barbarous and blood-thirsty religion, the humane doctrine of the Metempsychosis. It would have been vain to say, Do not murder. No people ever minded this doctrine; but he frightened the savages by saying, If you are cruel even to beasts and insects, the cruelty will fall upon yourselves; you shall be the same."

"Pardon me smiling at your expression, *going to the root of the evil*. This is always said about the management of Ireland. Alas! the root of the evil lies deeper than the centre of the earth."

"The surface of Wordsworth's mind—the poetry—has a good deal of staple about it, and will bear handling; but the inner, the conversational and private, has many coarse, intractable, dangling threads, fit only for the flock-bed equipage of grooms. I praised him more before I knew more of him, else I never should; and I might have been unjust to the better part, had I remarked the worse sooner. This is a great fault, to which we are all liable, from an erroneous idea of consistency."

Infinite are the pains I take in composing and correcting my imaginary conversations I may indulge all my idleness in regard to myself. Infinite pains it has always cost me, not to bring together the materials, not to weave the tissue, but to make the folds of my draperies hang becomingly. When I think of writing on any subject, I abstain a long while from every kind of reading, lest the theme should haunt me, and some of the ideas take the liberty of playing with mine. I do not wish the children of my brain to learn the tricks of others."

There are single sentences in the world far out-valuing three or four hundred authors, all entire, as there have been individual men out-valuing many whole nations. Washington, for instance, and Kosciusko, and Hofer were fairly worth all the other men of their time.

"I feel I am growing old, for want of somebody to tell me that I am looking as young as ever. Charming falsehood! *There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.*

I will never write to please the public, but always to instruct and mend it. If Colburn would give me twenty thousand pounds to write a *taking* thing, I would not accept it.

These are but a few fragments chipped off a great, resplendent mind; yet we can judge

of the quality by the specimen. Most true, as the age and posterity will affirm, is the testimony he has given of himself. Landor has never written a line that does not speak to the spirit of man, as with an angel's voice, bidding him come up higher; though he has selected pagan forms to be the oracles of his wisdom, and shrined his genius in the old marble gods of the past.

The letters of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer and those of Charles Dickens overflow with humor, and radiant, playful brilliancy, though the contrast of the two natures is manifested in every opinion uttered. Dickens evidently looks on life with the same earnest sadness and grave humor that characterize his works; while the sparkling, mocking irony of Bulwer is flung recklessly over everything; one true, sad feeling, however, pervades all his letters—“*Primavera per me non è più mai!*” (with me the spring of life is over). The contrast of the two minds is strikingly shown in their opinions upon Italy. Bulwer writes:—

I freeze in the desolate dulness of Rome, with its prosing antiquaries and insolent slaves. In Venice I found myself on board a ship, viz., in prison, with the chance of being drowned. In Florence I recognized a bad Cheltenham. In Naples I, for the first time, find my dreams of Italy. What a climate, and what a sea! I should be in paradise but for the mosquitoes; they devour me piecemeal; they are worse than a bad conscience, and never let me sleep at night.

Of his Italian tour Dickens writes:—

I had great expectations of Venice, but they fell immeasurably short of the wonderful reality. The short time I passed there went by me in a dream. I hardly think it possible to exaggerate its beauties. A thousand and one realizations of the thousand and one nights could scarcely captivate and enchant me more than Venice. Naples disappointed me greatly. If I had not mud, I had dust, and though I had sun I still had the Lazzaroni; and they are so ragged, so dirty, so abject, so full of degradation, so sunken and steeped in the hopelessness of better things, that they would make heaven uncomfortable if they ever got there. I did not expect to see a handsome city, but I did expect something better than that long dull line of squalid houses, which stretches from the Chiapa to the Porto Capuana; and while I was quite prepared for a miserable populace, I had some dim belief that there were bright rags among them, and dancing legs, and shining, sun-browned faces; whereas the honest truth is, that connected with Naples I have not one solitary recollection. The country round it charmed me. Who can forget Herculaneum and Pompeii? As to Vesuvius, it burns away in my thoughts, beside the roaring waters of Niagara, and not a splash of the water extinguishes a spark of the fire; but there they go on, tumbling and flaming night and day, each in its fullest glory.

If Bulwer was not satisfied with Italy, he was at all events more than pleased with Ireland, and writes thus:—

I have been enchanted with the upper lake of Killarney, and a place called Glengariff; and I think that I never saw a country which nature more meant to be great. It is thoroughly classical, and will have its day yet. But man must change first.

In one of Dickens's letters we have an interesting glimpse of his own state of mind while composing those wondrous novels that enchant the world. He writes from Milan:—

I have been beset in many ways; but I shut myself up for one month, close and tight, over my little Christmas book, 'The Chimes.' All my affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and I became as haggard as a murderer long before I wrote the end. When I had done, I fled to Venice to regain the composure I had lost."

Again, two years later, when from the ocean-depths of thought a new creation is about to rise, he writes:—

Vague thoughts of a new book are rife within me just now, and I go wandering about at night into the strangest places, according to my usual propensity at such a time, seeking rest and finding none.

How completely this description gives one the idea of a man "possessed," spirit-driven—a prophet commissioned to utter the life-giving word to men's souls and finding no rest until he uttered it. And this is no extravagant expression of the mission of a great writer—one who, like Dickens, reveals to the world how beautiful a thing Humanity may be made, and descends even to the very depths of physical wretchedness to show us that God's impress of divinity on man is universal and eternal. No writer, perhaps, ever softened and strengthened, melted and warmed human nature with such omnipotent power as Dickens. He can give courage to the soul while tears rain from the eyes, and there is not a work brought forth from the tossings, and beavings, and *unrest* of that mighty heart of his, that does not fall like a cascade from heaven upon our stony age.

Had we space, we might continue stringing epistolary gems, *ad infinitum*, from the Blessington correspondence. There are letters from that wonderful compound of poetry and politics, D'Israeli, in which can be traced evidence of both these tendencies along with the sarcastic contempt he seems to cherish for all political parties; and eulogistic letters from the great Wellesley, and friendly ones from

the greater Wellington—one of whose wise remarks touching visits of ceremony is worth quoting. He writes: "There is no time so uselessly employed as by a visiter, and him upon whom the visit is inflicted." In fact, the ceremonies of Juggernaut are mild to the sacrifices exacted by social ceremonial. There, the body only is killed—crushed, and killed at once—but in the meaningless morning visitings of ladies, deliberate murder and patient suicide of souls is perpetrated with remorseless punctuality. "Time," says Goethe, "is a great curse to those who believe that they are born only to kill it." When will men and women learn the value of our most precious heritage—the golden sands of life.

Sir William Gell and Jekyll are the two correspondents who pour forth best that clever gossip in the French style of a century ago. The latter tells anecdotes pleasantly; as thus—"We had at the bar a learned person, whose legs and arms were so long as to afford the title of *Frog Morgan*. In the course of an argument, he spoke of our natural enemies, the French; and Erskine, in reply, complimented him on an expression so personally appropriate.

"A toady of old Lady Cork, whom she half maintains, complained to me of her treatment. "I have," she said, "a very long chin, and the barbarous Countess often shakes me by it." It seemed without remedy, as neither the paroxysm nor the chin could be shortened."

Jekyll's love for London life was so great, that he said, If he were compelled to live in the country, he would have the approach to his house paved like the streets of London, and a hackney coach to drive up and down all day long.

An act of kindness towards the memory of "L. E. L." gives Dr. Madden the opportunity to introduce a vast deal of most interesting matter concerning the last few, fatal months of Mrs. Maclean's life at Cape Coast Castle. Lady Blessington had commissioned the editor to erect, at her expense, a marble slab over the grave of the unhappy poetess, which, up to that time (three years after her death), had remained without a record. Dr. Madden having an official appointment on the west coast of Africa, became a guest of Mr. Maclean, at Cape Coast Castle, for some weeks, and thus had ample means of informing himself as to the kind of person with whom "L. E. L." had unfortunately united herself, and also could judge of the desolate existence for which she had exchanged the brilliancy of a successful London literary career. No European lady resided at the settlement. The castle was nothing better than a lone, dismal fort, near a village of half-caste population. The scenery, "a wilderness of seared verdure, a

jungle and a swamp, realizing the very idol of desolation." And the husband of the first lyric poetess of Englsnd, the Sappho of the age, is described by Dr. Madden as a person whose only intellectual qualification was a study of barometers and thermometers, and whose only taste was for algebraic calculations. "He spoke contemptuously of literature, and affected scorn, even *loathing*, for poetry and poets. By long privation of the society of educated women previous to his marriage, he had become selfish, coarse-minded, cynical, a colonial sybarite; who when his bouts of revelry were over, devoted himself to theodolites, sextants and quadrants. Openly he expressed to his wife his contempt for verse-making, and wished to force her to devote her entire time to the performance of the lowest household duties.

Everyone knows what led her into this fatal marriage. Unlike Lady Blessington, she had no *prestige* of rank or wealth to enable her to bear up against social opinion, whether slanderous or true; and, to escape the evils of her position, she rashly, in a fit of terrible desperation, resolved to go through with the marriage then offered to her at all hazards, even of her life. Her feelings at the time may be judged of by some verses, almost the last she wrote, and which conclude with these mournful stanzas:—

Still is the quiet cloister wanted,
For those who look with weary eye
On life, hath long been disenchanted,
Who have one only wish—to die.

Then were that solemn quiet given,
That life's harsh, feverish dreams deny;
Then might the last prayer rise to heaven,
My God! I prithee let me die!

The circumstances of her death are also familiar to everyone. On the morning of the 15th of October she rose early to write letters to some friends in England, by a ship to sail next day. In about an hour she called for a cup of coffee; and when the attendant brought it to her chamber, "L. E. L." lay stretched a corpse upon the floor—she had drunk poison. That same night she was buried, just four months after her ill-omened marriage.

These events are known, but not the secret misery she had endured during those four months, and which she revealed but to one person. All her other letters, written to friends and acquaintances, are full of fabled accounts of her happiness. And if the poison-cup was lifted to her lips *intentionally*, we cannot wonder, after reading those revelations.

Lady Blessington, in a letter full of startling details, gives the true account of "L. E. L.'s" reposition, as she had it herself from the one

only person to whom the unhappy Mrs. Maclean confided the misery endured in her African bondage. We shall quote the letter entire, as every line has interest:—

Gore-House, Jan. 29, 1839.

My Dear Madam,—Indisposition must plead my excuse for not having sooner given you the sad particulars I promised in my last; when that cause for my silence had subsided, the dangerous illness of Lord Canterbury threw me into such alarm and anxiety, that it is only to-day, when letters from Paris assure me that he is recovering, that I feel equal to the task of writing.

Poor, dear L. E. L. lost her father, who was a Captain in the army, while she was yet a child. He had married the widow of an army agent, a woman not of refined habits, and totally unsuited to him. On his death, his brother, the late Dean of Exeter, interested himself for his nephew and niece, the sole children left by Captain Landon; and deeming it necessary to remove them from their mother, placed the girl (poor L. E. L.) at school; and the boy at another. At an unusually early age she manifested the genius for which she afterwards became so deservedly popular. On leaving school, her uncle placed her under the protection of her grandmother, whose exigence rendered the life of her gifted grandchild anything but a happy one. Her first practical effusions were published many years ago, and the whole of the sum they produced was appropriated to her grandmother.

Soon after, L. E. L. became acquainted with Mr. ——, who, charmed with her talents, encouraged their exertion by inserting her poems in a *Literary Journal*, with all the encomiums they merited. This notice drew the attention of publishers on her, and, alas! drew also the calumny and hatred of the envious, which ceased not to persecute her through her troubled life; but absolutely drove her from her native land. There was no slander too vile, and no assertion too wicked, to heap on the fame of this injured creature.

Mr. ——, a married man, and the father of a large family, many of whom were older than L. E. L., was said to have been her lover, and it was publicly stated that she had become too intimately connected with him. Those who disbelieved the calumny, refrained not from repeating it, until it became a general topic of conversation. Her own sex, fearful of censure, had no courage to defend her, and this highly gifted and sensitive creature, without having committed a single error, found herself a victim to slander. More than one advantageous proposal of marriage was made to her; but no sooner was this known, than anonymous letters were sent to the persons who wished to wed her, filled with charges against her honor. Some of her suitors, wholly discrediting these calumnies, but thinking it due to her to refute them, instigated inquiries to trace them to the original source whence they came; not a single proof could be had of even the semblance of guilt, though a thousand were furnished of perfect innocence.

Wounded and humiliated, poor L. E. L. refused to wed those, who could, however, worthy

the motive, seem to doubt her honor, or instigate inquiry into her conduct; and from year to year dragged on a life of mortification and sorrow. Pride led her to conceal what she suffered, but those who best knew her were aware that for many months sleep could only be obtained by the aid of narcotics, and that violent spasms and frequent attacks of the nerves left her seldom free from acute suffering. The effort to force a gayety she was far from feeling, increased her sufferings, even to the last. The first use she made of the money produced by her writings, was to buy an annuity for her grandmother, that grandmother whose acerbity of temper and wearying *exigence* had embittered her home. She then went to reside in Hans-Place, with some elderly ladies, who kept a school, and here again calumny assailed her. Dr. M., a married man, and father of grown daughters, was now named as her paramour; and though his habits, age, appearance, and attachment to his wife, ought to have precluded the possibility of attaching credence to so absurd a piece of scandal, poor L. E. L. was again attacked in a manner that nearly sent her to the grave.

This last falsehood was invented a little more than four years ago, when some of those who disbelieved the other scandal, affected to give credit to this, and stung the sensitive mind of poor L. E. L. almost to madness by their hypocritical conduct. About this time Mr. Maclean became acquainted with her, and after some months proposed for her hand. Wrung to the quick by the slanders heaped on her, she accepted his offer; but he deemed it necessary to return to Cape Coast Castle for a year, before the nuptials could be solemnized. He returned at the expiration of that term, renewed his offer, and she—poor, dear soul!—informed all her friends, and me amongst the number, of her acceptance of it, and of her intention of soon leaving England with him; soon after this, Mr. M. went to Scotland, and remained there many months, without writing a single line to his betrothed. Her feelings under this treatment you may well imagine. Beset by inquiries from all her friends as to where Mr. Maclean was? when she was to be married? etc., etc., all indicating a strong suspicion that he had heard the reports, and would appear no more. A serious illness assailed her, and reduced her to the brink of the grave; when her —— wrote and demanded an explanation from Mr. Maclean.

He answered, that fearing the climate of Africa might prove fatal to her, he had abandoned the intention of marrying, and felt embarrassed at writing to say so.

She, poor soul! mistook his hesitation and silence for generosity, and wrote to him a letter fraught with affection; the ill-starred union was again proposed, but on condition that it should be kept a secret even from the friends she was residing with. From the moment of his return from Scotland to that of their departure, he was moody, mysterious, and ill-humored—continually sneering at literary ladies—speaking slightly of her works—and, in short, showing every symptom of a desire to disgust her. Sir — remonstrated with her on his extraordinary mode

of proceeding; so did all her friends; but the die was cast. Her pride shrunk from the notion of again having it said that another marriage was broken off; and she determined not to break with him. Mystery on mystery followed: no friend or relative of his—though an uncle and aunt were in London—sanctioned the marriage; nay more, it is now known that, two days previous to it, he, on being questioned by his uncle, denied positively the fact of his intention to be married.

The marriage was a secret one, and not avowed until a very few days previous to their sailing for Africa; he refused to permit her own maid, who had long served her, to accompany her, and it was only at the eleventh hour that he could be induced to permit a strange servant to be her attendant. His conduct on boardship was cold and moody; for her broken-hearted —, whom I have seen, told me that the captain of the ship said, that Mr. Maclean betrayed the utmost indifference towards her. This indifference continued at Cape Castle, and, what was worse, discontent, ill-humor, and reproaches at her ignorance of housekeeping met her every day, until, as she writes to her ——, her nerves became so agitated, that the sound of his voice made her tremble. She was required to do the work of a menial; her female servant was discharged, and was to sail the day that the hapless L. E. L. died. She has come to England. L. E. L. thus writes to her ——:—
There are eleven or twelve chambers here empty, I am told, yet Mr. Maclean refuses to let me have one of them for my use, nor will he permit me to enter the bed-room from the hour I leave it, seven in the morning, until he quits it, at one in the afternoon. He expects me to cook, wash, and iron; in short, to do the work of a servant. I never see him until seven in the evening, when he comes to dinner; and when that is over, he plays the violin until ten o'clock, when I go to bed. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad.

This was the last account Mr. — ever received. Judge, then, of his wretchedness.

It is now known that Mr. Maclean had formed a *liaison* at Cape Castle with a woman of that country, by whom he has a large family; such *liaisons* are not considered disreputable there, and the women are treated as wives. This person lived in the Castle as its mistress, until the arrival of Mr. Maclean and poor L. E. L., when she was sent off up the country. This woman was the niece of one of the merchants who sat on the inquest. All the servants, with the exception of the man and his wife, brought out by L. E. L., were the creatures of the former mistress; the whole of the female natives detest English women, because the presence of one then banishes them from the society where they are tolerated in their absence.

Mr. Maclean admits that indisposition and mental annoyance must have rendered him far from being a kind or agreeable companion to poor Letitia; but adds, that had she lived a little longer, she would have found him very different.

as he was, when not ill and tormented by various circumstances, which he does not explain, easy and good-tempered to a fault. He says, that never was there so kind or so faultless a being on earth as that poor, poor girl, as he calls her, and that he never knew her value until he had lost her. In fact, his letter seems an answer to charges preferred against him by the departed, and, what is strange, the packet that brought the fatal news brought no letter of recent date for her —, though she never missed an opportunity, and they occur rarely, of writing to him. Her letters, all of which have breathed the fondest affection for him, admit that she had little hope of happiness from her stern, cold, and morose husband. I have now, my dear madam, given you this sad tale. I have perused all her letters to her —, as well as Mr. Maclean's to him. I ought to add, that when they landed in Africa, Mr. Maclean set off, leaving his wife,

and proceeded to the Castle, to dislodge his mistress and children. The natives were angry, and offended at seeing their countrywoman driven from her home.

Believe me, my dear Madam,
Your Ladyship's very sincerely,
M. BLESSINGTON.

This is a mournful tale, with which to conclude our notice of this most brilliant addition to our literary history. Did space permit, we might cull details of other celebrities, equally interesting, though none so mournful, from the vast accumulation of biographical matter crowded into the work, which may take permanent rank in the world of letters, not merely as the life of one literary individual, but as a miniature biographical encyclopaedia, of all the modern celebrities of England.

OF YEARS APPARENTLY DIMINISHING AS WE ADVANCE IN AGE.—We are all sensible, in proportion as we advance in age, how much shorter a year appears to be than it did in earlier days. Let a man who has passed his grand climacteric look back upon the time he spent at school or college, and it seems as if a life had been passed at each. Let the same man look back on the last four or five years, and, in comparison with the former, they scarcely appear more than so many months.—Well, then, let us suppose a person to have numbered the allotted three score years and ten, or by reason of strength to have come to fourscore years; or let us suppose him to have continued on this earth for many hundred anniversaries of his birth, and if each year should diminish in proportion to the number already passed, as it is reasonable to think it will, to what a narrow span must a year be reduced! Thus in all probability, nay to an almost certainty, the antediluvian life appeared to the then inhabitants of the earth far less protracted than we are in the habit of supposing. But this thought may be carried still farther. If our measures of duration continue in the future state, what could a year appear to a spirit who had lived down thousands and millions of the same?—Would it not, according to this law, be reduced to a minute, to a second, to less and less *ad infinitum*? And would not this with other circumstances which I shall not advert to now, induce the notion that time has no independent existence in itself; or that, at all events, the stream of time will not run on beyond the limits of this world, but will lose itself and be swallowed up in the wide ocean of eternity?—*Christian Observer*.

it from the *Lounger's Common place Book*. The biographical articles are frequently very curious, and prove the author to have had an extended literary knowledge.

When I compare the power of the Turks with our own, I confess the consideration fills me with anxiety and dismay, and a strong conviction forces itself on my mind that we cannot long resist the destruction which awaits us; they possess immense wealth, strength unbroken, a perfect knowledge of the art of war, patience under every difficulty, union, order, frugality, and a constant state of preparation.

On our side, exhausted finances and universal luxury, our national spirit broken by repeated defeats, mutinous soldiers, mercenary officers, licentiousness, intemperance, and a total contempt or neglect of military discipline, fill up the dismal catalogue.

Is it possible to doubt how such an unequal conflict must terminate? The enemy's forces being at present directed against Persia, only suspends our fate; after subduing that power, the all-conquering Mussulman will rush with undivided strength and overwhelm at once Europe as well as Germany.—*Notes and Queries*.

CAMPBELL'S IMITATIONS.—The line—

“And coming events cast their shadows before,”* has been compared with similar thoughts in Leibnitz and Chapman. It has also a prototype in Shakspere, though the resemblance is not so close as to amount to plagiarism in Campbell. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. Sc. 3, Nestor says:—

“ And in such indexes, although small pricks To their subsequent volumes, there is seen The baby figure of the giant mass Of things to come at large.”

Notes and Queries

FORMER POWER OF THE TURKS.—At the present time, the following passage from the letters of Busbequius, ambassador from Ferdinand II. to the Sultan Solyman II., may interest the readers of “N. & Q.” I extract

From the Christian Observer for March.

CHRISTIAN PROSPECTS OF THE
WORLD TO COME.*

In your last number but one, you allowed me to express my conviction, that in the present day the revealed prospects of the world to come are very imperfectly apprehended by the generality of persons, religious as well as irreligious; that we are everywhere met by language which indicates a positive pretermission of much of the information on the subject which has been actually vouchsafed to us, and the substitution in men's minds of another scheme of things not delivered in the Bible; and that, in very many cases where this would be too strong an assertion, there is still a confusion, vagueness, and uncertainty of view, far beyond what that book has thrown upon the future. I now ask leave to plead against the continuance of this state of things, and to show cause for the revival in the mind of the church of fuller and clearer views upon the subject.

As a first step, it may be well to revert more distinctly to the points on which I have alleged that the common habit of thought either diverges from or falls short of the instructions of Revelation.

It appears to me, then, that the ideas suggested to most men's minds, when they talk or hear of "a future state," or of "another world," are very much confined within the circle indicated by the familiar expressions of "having an immortal soul," and of "going to Heaven when they die;" to them the "future state" is the state of the "soul;" the "other world" is the *Heaven* to which they hope to go "when they die;" a world of Spirits, an abode of Angels, a distant scene of light and glory, without connection or analogy with this present world, into which elect souls, migrating hence one by one, are admitted, as their proper home, to pass eternity in the presence of God. The resurrection of the body, and the personal coming of Christ, stand as a kind of supplement to this scheme; with which, however, they are not felt to have any living or necessary connection.

On the other hand, the Bible represents to us the future state or world to come, as *taking its commencement from those events*. We

may seek great things of those who die in the Lord. They are "blessed, and rest from their labors," they "sleep in Jesus," they "rejoice in their beds," they lie "in Abraham's bosom," they are "in Paradise," they are "present with the Lord." But they have not yet entered into "the kingdom of God," as the Bible uses that expression. In that disembodied state they have not yet received the promise. They are waiting and expecting, as we are; with only this difference, that the day which we look for in the midst of troubles and uncertainties, they await in rest and assurance. So far were the first Christians from regarding their departed brethren as having anticipated them in the great objects of hope, that they had need to be assured that those who were alive and remained to the coming of the Lord would not prevent them which were asleep. The expectations then which are taught by the Bible, are directed steadily to "that day," without being arrested by the hour of death, or any other intervening event. Then the success of redemption is to be declared, and the truth of the promises substantiated, not by the destruction, but by "the restitution of all things."—The seeming triumph of Death is turned into "Death is swallowed up in victory:" and that by a result far more vivid and complete in itself, and far more conceivable by us, than the happiness of disembodied *souls* in a distant world of spirits. Man, who had been forced away from his connection with the outward creation, returns to it again, "not unclothed, but clothed upon." He is again in the body, though a change has passed upon its nature.—It is true that he arrives again upon the scene, as it seems, only to witness its dissolution. It is a day wherein "the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up." But what is the issue of this visitation of ruin? Why, that the creation itself is delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. As it was with man's body, which is the same and yet another, so is it with his dwelling place: "the first heaven and the first earth are passed away," but have left "a new heaven and a new earth" behind them. And as it is with the dwelling-place, so it is with the society constituted upon it. The present forms of human society, in theory imperfect, and in fact polluted and disorganized, are "dashed to pieces as the vessels of a potter," and "the wind carries them away from the face of the earth;" and there remains instead a "kingdom which shall have no end." And as a still more distinct type of an ordered community framed on a Divine plan, and pervaded by the Divine presence, there descends from heaven a city, which is

* Although we consider that the objection stated by a correspondent in our last number to the view presented by T. D. B. in our Number for January, of the opinions of the Church in general on the subject of "Christian Prospects of the World to Come," are not without foundation, the beauty, power, and piety of this second Paper are such as to make us feel that we should be doing our readers great injustice by withholding it from them.—EDITOR.

[The former article by this writer was copied in No. 564 of *The Living Age*.]

at once the abode of the glory of God and the habitation of the "nation of the saved."

These are but the heads of the revealed scheme of the future; and certainly it is a scheme far more distinct and full, far more closely connecting itself with analogies of what is known, far more consecutively developing itself out of the history of the present, far more largely appealing to the imagination, and therefore, to hope and anticipation, than that other scheme, which has, in fact, so generally usurped its place, and which offers us only vague prospects of "going to Heaven when we die," (words which, however they may be used in a true sense, are nowhere found in Scripture,) dismissing the disembodied "soul" into an unlocalized spiritworld as its eternal abode; or at least opening somewhere in the skies a present "New Jerusalem," whose airy foundations float on clouds, and whose unsubstantial scenes dissolve in light.

I proceed to point out some reasons why, in regard to the present subject, we should cling to our anchors and stem the current, seeking rather to revert to a position from which we have already drifted too far away.

And first, it is obvious, without a word of argument, that any divergence from the revealed scheme must be unhappy and injurious. Though we may not see how it should be so, though even it may seem to our apprehensions to have introduced more spiritual views, and influences more immediate; still we must feel assured that it will tell in the end for evil, and that the change which has insinuated itself, will prove not only to be in itself a loss, but to have loosened the cohesion, or affected the relations of other truths, and to have opened doors of entrance for errors more positive and more vital than itself.

In the present instance, I think there are many points in which reflection will confirm the truth of this observation. And first I may be permitted to express my conviction, that *our view of the sense of Scripture is hereby darkened and disarranged.*

The river which we see winding through inland meadows and sweeping round populous towns is not more steadily rolling its waters towards the sea, than does the course of Holy Writ advance through all the various scenes which it visits and illustrates, towards the final issue of human history,—the kingdom of God, the restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets, which have been since the world began. Not more plainly do we behold in the one case the onward lapse of the stream, than we discern in the other the perpetual reference and tendency to the destined end. If then we have failed to apprehend the Scriptural idea of that consummation, we are to that extent out

of harmony with the whole course of thought which we are following; a multitude of latent allusions will escape us, a multitude of plainer expressions will perplex us.

Let me apply this observation to the Old Testament expectations of the world to come: or rather let me suggest that application to my readers, for the subject is far too large for such a Paper as this. We all know what controversies have raged on the subject, what uncertainties and difficulties still surround it. I am persuaded that it would be difficult to estimate the degree in which those past controversies and present difficulties, owed, and still owe, their origin to an entire misapprehension of the nature of the expectations under discussion,—to a want of harmony with the revealed scheme existing in the views, not of the ancient writers whose sentiments are examined, but of the modern writers who sit in judgment upon them. We enquire what the Old Testament writers say of the *state of the soul* on its departure from the body, and of removal to *another world*; and we are met by an astonishing silence, or by expressions strangely at variance with the belief which we demanded. We conclude that they were ignorant of "a future state," and straightway a mist and darkness have settled upon their writings, their characters, and their lives. If, instead of requiring from them a participation in our ideas, we had interrogated them as to their own, the result would have been different, and we should read the Old Testament as the writer of the eleventh chapter to the Hebrews read it. Let us adopt this method of procedure, and then the lives of those whose outward history is recorded, and the language of those who have uttered their feelings in psalms or prophecies, alike yield the same result.

The present scene of disorder and confusion, of moral and material evil, is not to be for ever. God has purposes for forming a city and a country of His own, and for turning the curse into a blessing. One will appear to accomplish these purposes, going forth from the chosen seed. The floods will clap their hands, and the hills be joyful before Him, because He comes to judge the world in righteousness. A new kingdom is to appear, and a divinely-constituted state of society, in which violence shall no more be heard, the elements of disturbance and trouble shall have vanished, and the glory of the Lord be manifested: then the meek shall inherit the earth, the righteous shall possess it, and dwell therein for ever. Such is a slight intimation of those prospects for the world which the Old Testament everywhere proclaims. Though it knows little of that tremendous destruction and unspeakable change which must form the transition from the old world to the new, or of the vast differ-

ence of character between the carnal and the spiritual, the corruptible and the incorruptible, it regards the world to come as the renewal of this, redeemed, purified, and perfected, as the legitimate issue to the development of which the Divine dealings now in progress are all directed. And it is on this prospect that the Old Testament rests all the hope for individuals of which it is cognizant. On the disembodied state it appears to have no revelation, and to see in it only darkness and silence; but it contemplates a "morning" of awakening, when a share in the eternal kingdom shall justify the choice and the character of the righteous, and prove that it was no transitory favor which was pledged to those, of whom it was said that God was not ashamed to be called their God. Now let a person sit down to these writings, whose own idea of a future world mainly consists in the entrance of individual souls after death into a distant heaven; he is out of harmony with the minds of the writers; he finds an earthly character in their anticipations, which forbids him to apply them in their real sense, and puts him upon seeking for secondary fulfilments; he does not understand their manner of waiting for the kingdom of God; a thousand intimations of that hope he misses altogether, and cannot place himself at the point of view which alone affords the true interpretation of their actions and their sayings.

When he comes to the New Testament, the same want of entire accord will still make itself felt. It is true that he here finds a strong light thrown on subjects most prominent in his own mind, but there is at the same time an equally strong light thrown on subjects which he has accustomed himself to overlook. The conscious life and immediate blessedness of the disembodied soul, and also the unspeakable difference of character between the present and the future, the natural and spiritual, are brought distinctly into view; but, at the same time, it becomes clearer than ever that the Old Testament rightly depicted the future world, as if it were the renewal and perfecting of this. The resurrection of the *body*, the deliverance of the creation from the bondage of corruption, and reconstitution of human society, are presented as ensuing on the return of the Redeemer. Then, and not before, we are to look for "the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body," the manifestation of the sons of God," "the marriage of the Lamb," "the kingdom of Christ and of God." Then we are to have "our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in His eternal and everlasting glory." Then the promises will be fulfilled, and we shall see the fulness of meaning which dwells in that old familiar word, "*the redemption of the world.*" It is on "that day," therefore

that, in the New Testament, the eyes of the Church are fixed with concentrated longing —a fact which is felt even more from the constant allusions and suggestions which pervade the epistles, than from the explicit statements on the subject which they contain. Now, it is beyond question that a great number of pious readers at the present day are sensible of a certain want of sympathy with the mind of the primitive church in this respect. They observe that the day of death, which they are in the habit of hearing made the great point of reference, is comparatively little dwell upon in Scripture; and that the great day, which everywhere throws its light on those pages, does not seem naturally and habitually to awaken the same feelings in their own minds. They find themselves (or would do so if they observed their own thoughts) continually applying the passages which speak of the coming of the Lord, and of the kingdom which He is to introduce, to the time of their own departure, and to the scenes to which that hour will convey them; and they find themselves assisted in so doing by what they read and hear, being continually instructed that, "to us the coming of Christ takes place when we die," that "it is the same thing," etc. etc. In fine, the ideas of the present day would naturally express themselves in a phraseology different from that of the Bible; the basis being, in the one case, that "*we are going to the kingdom of Heaven;*" and in the other, that "*the kingdom of Heaven is coming to us.*" As it is, the Scripture phraseology must be used, and a sort of compromise is made, by which a great amount of dimness and confusion is thrown over the prospect, and the Church no longer cries "Thy kingdom come," with that definite and vivid meaning which the prayer originally bore. Words are not needed to shew that if our sympathy with the Scriptural view of this important subject is impaired, a shadow has been thrown upon the holy pages, which must lessen the general light which they emit, as well as pour a positive obscurity over many passages bearing more particularly upon the details of the future; which last fact is sufficiently witnessed by the difficulties into which expositors have got, and the strange things they have said about such passages as Rom. viii. 18—23; 2 Cor. v. 1—4; and Rev. xxi. and xxii.

And now, though there are other points besides the understanding of Scripture, on which I should like to show that we are suffering loss from the cause to which I have been asking your attention, I see that it is time to give way to other claimants who have, no doubt, better things to say, though they can hardly have a more important subject on which to say them. I am conscious that I

have occupied as much of your space as I can reasonably expect, and retire, at least for the present.

T. D. B.

P.S.—Since the preceding pages were placed in your hands, I have seen the kind criticism upon my former Paper, by your correspondent B. D. T., for which I beg to offer him my sincerest thanks. From his reversal of the signature of that paper, I apprehended a reversal of its opinions; and was pleased to find that, with regard to the prospect itself, we are substantially of one mind. I must ask leave, however, to say a few words in reference to the three points which he touches in his letter:—

1. The spirit of my Paper appears to him too dogmatical. I think it very likely that it was, and only fear I may have continued the offence in what I have written now. All that can be said is, that in trying to stimulate thought on points where it is supposed to need rousing, one is apt to speak more strongly than the case requires, to raise the voice to an exaggerated pitch, and to fall into the style of "an instructor of the foolish, a teacher of babes." Knowing the tendency which exists in such a case, I can only be grateful to one who warns me against it.

2. He thinks that the popular view in regard to the prospects in question is not at all what I have represented it to be; but on the contrary, that "ninety-nine hundredths of all classes of religionists hold and teach" exactly what I have alleged that they ought to hold and teach concerning the relative characters of the intermediate and ultimate states—for I could not express it more exactly than he has done in the paragraph in which he has expounded that doctrine; except perhaps in one point—the supposed employment of Angels, not only in "ministering to the spirits of the just," but also in "disciplining them for the bright and happy region," etc.; an idea devoid of all authority, and pregnant with the danger of a purgatorial system. Now as to the just or unjust representation of a popular view, I am afraid that the pleading of the point would be an endless matter, and that he and I must be content with simply delivering our several impressions on the subject. I will only restate the limits within which I contemplated the prevalence of defective impressions. "I do not speak of those whose attention and enquiries have been more or less awakened on the subject, and whose ideas about it have therefore assumed a greater degree of distinctness, but of those who simply imbibe the ideas and adopt the phrases which float around them."

From those who preach or write definitely on the subject, I therefore expect to hear, and generally do hear, the same statements as your Correspondent had just heard from his preacher. But popular impression is a subtle thing,

eluding argument, surviving refutation, and often coloring unconsciously even the thoughts of those who are attempting its correction.—

In the present case, I still think that I have given a substantially just representation of it, as it exists, not in the shape of defined tenets, but of a diffused atmosphere of thought. Indeed, I feel assured, that in reading such observations as I have made in these papers, a greater number of minds would be struck with a variation from their habitual sentiments, than would be found to object to the misrepresentation of them. I would add but one word more under this head, on the use which I have made of the expression "going to Heaven," on which my respected critic supposes that I have based my impression. No one could more truly explain the ambiguity of its use than he has done, or more accurately give the sense in which I employ it myself, and mean to continue employing it. Far from looking upon it as an expression necessarily implying error, I am prepared to maintain and defend it in its true acceptation.

Your Correspondent says, "It is a *vague* way of saying that the *spirit* passes into *some* region of increased happiness." Exactly so; and it is that very vagueness and indistinctness of thought to which I objected. I spoke not of the use of the expression, but of "language *limiting* itself too much to the *general* notion implied by that expression;" and I have spoken of it again in the present Paper, not as necessarily faulty in itself, but as having displaced, in common language, the more definite and scriptural expression of the "coming of the Kingdom of Heaven." The one expression has too much usurped the place of the other, because the personal and immediate prospect in the world of spirits has too much concealed the distinct and glorious prospect which forms the close of Revelation and the consummation of Redemption, and to which the word of God everywhere directs our eyes. I would not aim to remove the one, but to restore the other.

As to the final prospect itself, your Correspondent thinks the lines in which I would draw it are too strongly defined, and would reduce them to that vague, indefinite state in which I have maintained that they are not left by Revelation. Of course, as I observed in my former paper, the main and essential features of that prospect remain clear in the midst of this unnecessary indistinctness. Only I maintain, that whatever the Scripture does say must be supposed to mean something, and that we must suffer loss in proportion as we pass over any of its statements as if they meant nothing. On such a subject I would not have a word of guessing, but an honest and painstaking endeavor to lay hold of *everything* that is actually delivered to us; a duty in which, it seems to me, that the recent Church

has too much failed. But while unable to enter here on the details of interpretation, I cannot conclude without assuring my kind friend that he was entirely mistaken when he supposed me to have advocated the opinion "that an actual city with gates and pavement of gold would be let down from heaven, vast enough to contain all the elect people of God." I spoke of the "city" as symbolizing human society, and its being "let down from heaven" as indicating its divine constitution. No person possessed of common sense but

must see that the whole description is composed of figures of speech, whether we turn to the throne and the books at the judgment, or the lake of fire for the lost, or the golden streets and tree of life in the New Jerusalem. I only feel sure that the figures *mean something*, and that we are intended in some good degree to apprehend that meaning. And with this correction of an unintentional misrepresentation, I would take leave of my unknown friend, returning him the graceful and Christian farewell which he gave to me. T. D. B.

THE CODE OF SOCIETY.

We cut the following admirable remarks on one of the worst features of our times, from the editorial columns of the Philadelphia Ledger. It is refreshing to find any portion of our secular press speaking out in this style, and we gladly do our best to preserve such wholesome and vigorous words from the speedy oblivion to which the wretched paper and type of the Ledger dooms them.—*Church Journal*.

A distinguished lecturer said, lately, with as much truth as wit, that "the code of society was practically stronger than that of Sinai," so that "many a man who would not scruple to put his fingers into his neighbor's pocket, would blush at being seen putting his knife into his mouth."—He added that it was only a great mind, a strong character, that knew how to respect its own provincialism; could dare to be in fashion by itself, and did not feel lonely out of the galaxy of society.

Every observing person sees daily illustrations of the truth of this remark. Mrs. Potiphar, at her grand ball, says flattering things to the rival she despises, and the rival, who fully returns her hatred, answers with equal falsehood. A greedy merchant, in dealing with a raw customer, chuckles as he over-reaches his victim. The politician promises glibly and violates his promise at the first temptation. The successful knave as he rolls in his carriage, sees nine men out of ten take off their hats to him. Yet the fine lady, the rapacious merchant, the demagogue and the swindler would very soon be "cut," as it is called, if they were to offend even the smallest of the rules of conventional etiquette. To be a rogue is a less crime, in the eyes of society, than to be underbred.

Yet this should not be so. No people can be thoroughly sound where such laxity of opinion prevails. Much less can a republic, in which the community makes the laws, remain pure, while society has a vicious code; for eventually either legislation will be influenced by the fashionable sentiment, or the execution of justice will be affected. Already, in several of the States, many laws have become, in this way, a dead letter.—Why, for example, are not public gambling houses put down. It is because the social code which recognizes gambling as a gentlemanly

amusement, is at variance with the law of the land. To grow rich by knavish speculations, by fraudulent insolvencies, and by other iniquitous means which the social code winks at, is nevertheless more atrocious, in the eye of the moral law, than to steal in order to avert starvation. All persons see this, even the dishonest. Consequently the immunity afforded by this vicious social code saps faith in morality itself. It is in vain, with ordinary men, to talk of abstract right and wrong under these circumstances; for while they see society honoring the successful rascal, they will seek wealth by any and every means, rather than be poor and neglected. They will prefer the present certainty of Dives to the possible future of Lazarus. They will even practically disbelieve that Dives can ever be worse off than the beggar. They see society acting a lie, and they take the lie for truth.

Against this falsity, as the lecturer has said, only great intellect or a brave heart can testify. But all honor to such! They are the leaven that "leaven the whole lump." In all ages and communities they have saved society, when society has been saved short of a reconstruction. At times, indeed, society becomes past saving, when, if it is a nation that has thus passed into corruption, a Reign of Terror comes as in France of '93; or if it is a whole civilized world, some great social deluge overwhelms all things, as when the Roman Empire perished, and only the Christian faith, like another ark, floated safe over the waters. There is no nobler life than to bear witness against these social lies, and this, whether a man's sphere be small or great, whether the vice be local or national. No man is so humble that he cannot be, so far forth as his influence extends, a Luther, a Washington, an Ambrose, a Fenelon, or a Howard. The need for heroic testimony in behalf of truth has not ceased, nor ever will cease; and martyrdoms are still possible, even though the fields of Smithfield and Goa burn no more. Never to temporize with right, never to fall down and worship successful villainy, never to shrink from calling wrong by its real name—this is a life, which, if led courageously by a sufficient number, will yet save society, perpetuate the republic, and hasten the perfection of the race, that glorious consummation of human history.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE RULE OF GOOD NUNS.

TRUE anchoresses are indeed birds of heaven, that fly aloft and sit on the green boughs singing merrily; that is, they meditate enraptured upon the blessedness of heaven that never faileth, but is ever green, and sit on this green, singing right merrily; that is, in such meditation they rest in peace and have gladness of heart, as those who sing. A bird, however, sometimes alighteth down on the earth, to seek his food for the need of the flesh; but while he sits on the ground he is never secure, and is often turning himself, and always looking cautiously all around. Even so the pious recluse, though she fly ever so high, must at times alight down to the earth in respect of her body, and eat, drink, sleep, work, speak, and hear, when it is necessary, of earthly things. But then, as the bird doth, she must look well to herself, and turn her eyes on every side, lest she be deceived, and be caught in some of the devil's snares, or hurt in any way, while she sits so low.

In this passage may be seen a fair example of the cheerful spirit, the gentle piety, and, admitting one all-important proposition, the true good sense which generally pervades the curious work we now venture to introduce to the readers of *Fraser* — the *Ancren Riwle, Regule Inclusarum*, or Anchoresses's Rule,* not long ago printed for the first time, for the Camden Society. The important proposition to which we have alluded is that of the good sense of monachism itself. But in this paper we shall try to hold in our Protestant antipathies with a tight hand, and so far as possible confine our attention to a practical view of the rules prescribed for these worthy recluses of Dorsetshire. The house where the sisters dwelt in that county was situated at Tarent, or Tarrent-Kains, below Blandford, on the river Stour. Founded in the time of Richard Coeur de Lion, by Ralph de Kahains, the son of one of Norman William's knights, and enlarged in the following century by Richard Poor, bishop, successively, of Chichester, Salisbury, and Durham, the little nunnery continued to flourish until Henry VIII.'s quarrel with the Pope, when it was one of the first religious houses to suffer for the monarch's love of the fair Boleyn. At that time its yearly revenue amounted to £239. 11s. 10d. It was surrendered to the king by the abbess and eighteen nuns, and in 1553 the late superior was still receiving an annual pension of £40. The house was dedi-

cated to the honor of St. Mary the Virgin, and All Saints, and for a long time previous to the dissolution it belonged to the Cistercian Order.

But at a still earlier and more interesting period this does not appear to have been the case. The sisterhood, in their beginning, do not seem to have been attached to any religious community. The writer of the Rule here addressed to them gives this direction: —

If any ignorant person ask you of what order you are, as you tell me some do, who strain at the gnat and swallow the fly, answer, and say that ye are of the order of St. James. . . . If such answer seems to him strange and singular, ask him what is order? and where he may find in Holy Writ religion more plainly described and manifested than in the canonical epistle of St. James? He saith what religion is and what right order. Pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the widow and orphans, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. . . . Herein is religion, and not in the wide hood, nor in the black, or the white, or the gray cowl.

And after observing that, though a convent may require a uniformity of raiment, the same is not necessary for one or two recluses living apart, the writer farther enjoins his disciples to follow the rule of the prophet Micah — to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with God.

Wherever these things are (he says), there is true religion and there is right order; and to do all the other things and leave this undone is mere trickery and guile. All that a good nun does or thinks according to the outward rule, is wholly for this end; all is but as a prop to bear her up; a servant to help the lady in ruling her heart.

It is plain, from these directions, that the sisters to whom they were addressed did not belong to any distinct religious order. The whole society consisted of three ladies, with their domestic servants or lay sisters, and an interesting glimpse of their quality and circumstances is afforded by their adviser's caution against temptations. He has been speaking of such as arise out of want, and observes that from these the sisters are free.

For I know not any anchoress that with more abundance or more honor, hath all that is necessary to her, than ye three have—our Lord be thanked for it. . . . Ye have more reason to dread the soft than the hard share of these temptations which are called outward. For the sorcerer would fain cajole you, if he might, and with flattery render you perverse, if ye were less gentle and docile. There is much talk of you, how gentle women ye are; for your goodness and nobleness beloved of many; and sisters of one father and one mother; having in the bloom

* *The Ancren Riwle; A Treatise on the Rules and Duties of Monastic Life.* Edited and Translated from a Semi-Saxon MS. of the Thirteenth Century. By James Morton, B. D., Vicar of Holbeach, Prebendary of Lincoln, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Earl Grey. London; Printed for Camden Society. 1853.

of your youth forsaken all worldly joys, and become anchoresses.

We might doubt for a moment whether the writer were not here himself playing the sorcerer's part, but doubtless he knew his pupils. And who was this calm and gentle director? Upon that point there has been some controversy. The elder critics have attributed the "Anchoresses' Rule" to Simon of Ghent, bishop of Salisbury from 1207 to 1315. The principal ground for this opinion appears to have been an inscription upon a Latin MS. of the work, now extant in the library of Magdalen College, Oxford, in which Bishop Simon is named as its author. But there are strong arguments on the other side. Four MSS. of the Rule are still in existence besides that belonging to Magdalen College. All of the former are in the ancient vernacular of this country. It has been hastily presumed that they were translations from the Latin. But in opposition to this opinion Mr. Morton points out several circumstances showing the priority of the vernacular versions. First, they are longer, and contain more passages omitted in the Latin than the Latin does passages omitted in them. Secondly, the Latin presents several instances of mistranslation, evidently suggested by the resemblance of words having different significations. — Thirdly, supposing the Latin version to be the work of Simon of Ghent, the vernacular written in a semi-Saxon style closely resembling that of Layamon, must have been composed fully half-a-century earlier. Mr. Morton suggests the probability that the real author was that Bishop Poor whom we have already mentioned as benefactor to the house. This prelate died in 1237; and from the description of his last moments given by Matthew Paris, we could easily accept the editor's supposition.

Perceiving (says the historian) that the time was at hand when he must leave this world, he (the bishop) assembled the people, and addressed them in a very impressive and edifying discourse, telling them that he felt his death was near. . . . On the third day he sent for his domestics and retainers, and distributed gifts among them, according to their merit; calmly and deliberately settled his worldly affairs, and took leave of his friends one by one; when, it being the hour of compline, he joined in the prayers, and while pronouncing the verse—"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep"—he fell asleep in the Lord.

Until the present publication, the MSS. to which we have referred were the only existing copies of this remarkable work.* We think

* These MSS. are:—No. CCCCLII. in Nasmyth's Catalogue of the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; Nero, A. XIV., Titus, D. XVIII., and

our readers will agree with us that Mr. Morton has done good service by presenting it in its present accessible shape. In this volume, printed with all the care which distinguishes the publications of the Camden Society, the old semi-Saxon text is given on one page, and an English version on the opposite. We do not propose here to discuss the peculiarities of the former,* briefly described in the editor's valuable preface. They undoubtedly mark a curious and instructive epoch in the history of the English language, but the field thus opened is too wide for our present purpose, which is rather to give some idea of the substance of the work.

"Whoever was its author," remarks Mr. Morton, "he must have been a man of great learning, extensively and intimately conversant with the Holy Scriptures, and with the theological and ethical literature of the age in which he lived." That he had some acquaintance with the Latin classics is proved by his using the now familiar quotations—*Ira furor brevis est*, from Horace's Epistles, and—*Principiū obsta; sero medicina paratur*, from that still less canonical book, Ovid's *Remedy of Love*. His style, although plain and distinct, is scarcely, we think, so unambitious as the editor seems to imply. The work is divided into eight books or parts, each treating of some religious, moral, or household duty. But as any minute account of its teaching under the first head would be unsuited to our pages, we may briefly say that Mr. Morton describes it as fully recognizing "the doctrines of transubstantiation and of purgatory, the adoration of the Virgin Mary and of the cross and relics, auricular confession, the use of images in religious services, and all other usages and practices of the Church of Rome of the same period."

In the introduction the author divides the rule of monastic life into two parts, the inward and outward; the former the lady, the latter the handmaid; the first fixed and immutable, the second varying with the circumstances of each particular anchoress, according as she is learned or unlearned, strong or weak, old and ill-favored, or young and lively. But whatever her quality let her beware of superfluous vows. Meat and drink, abstinence, dress, rest, and hours, and prayers, all these things are in her free choice to do or leave undone; but charity or love, and meekness and patience, truthfulness and keep-

Cleopatra, C. VI., all in the Cottonian Collection; and the Latin version of Magdalen College, Oxford. Two other copies, one in Latin and one in French, perished in the disastrous fire so fatal to the Cottonian Library, in October 1731. The text given by Mr. Morton is that of Nero, A. XIV., collated with Titus D. XVIII. and Cleopatra, C. VI.

* An ample glossary is subjoined at the end of the volume.

ing the ten old commandments, these and such others, some of the old law and some of the new, every man is bound to keep, and the sisters most of all. Passing over the first part of the work, which prescribes the devotional exercises for every hour of the day, we come to a chapter on the custody of the heart, or rather of the wardens of the heart, the five senses. And first of sight, "Love your windows," exclaims the author, "my dear sisters, as little as possible." Xarifa would be no model for our anchoresses of Tarent.

Whoso is wise and good let her guard well her eyes, for all the ill that ever is, comes of the eye-darts. Is not she too forward or foolhardy, who holds her head boldly over the open battlements, while men with cross-bows assail the castle? Surely our foe, the warrior of hell, shoots, as I ween, more bolts at one anchoress than at seventy-and-seven secular ladies.

Unhappy anchoresses! Why, we may ask, should they then rush into the danger? But speech is equally perilous to the recluse.

Let her take heed, lest, when the priest leaves the parlor window, he say, 'this anchoress is a great talker.' Eve spoke with the serpent without fear. Our Lady was afraid of speaking with Gabriel. So let an anchoress, whatsoever she be, keep silence as much as she can and may. Let her not have the hen's nature, that when the egg is laid, must needs cackle. In silence and in hope shall be her strength, and so may she hope to sing sweetly in heaven.

But if the recluse's vanity may be excited by her own fluency of tongue, it is in still greater peril from the flattering and backbiting which may enter at her ear. Sad to say, we learn here that the convent parlors were the very hot-beds of scandal.

People say of anchoresses, that almost every one hath an old woman to feed her ears; a prating gossip who tells her all the tales of the land; a magpie that chatters to her of everything she sees or hears; so that it is a common saying, 'from mill and from market, from smithy and nunnerie, there come news. Christ knows this is a sorry tale; that a nunnery, which should be the loneliest of all places, should be evened to those very three where there is most of gossip.'

But if these dangers attach to each sense separately, what shall we say of their perils in combination? In answering this question our right reverend author shows himself and adept in the venerable art of love.

No seduction so perfidious as that in a plain strain, as if one said—'I would rather die than indulge a hope respecting you; but had I

sworn it, I could not help loving you, and yet am I grieved you should know it. But yet forgive me for telling you; and though I should go mad, you shall never again hear how it fares with me.' And she forgives him, and they speak of other matters. But 'ever the eye towards the wood doth pry; ' the heart is ever upon what was said before. Such is the snare prepared for the peering anchoress who is always thrusting out her beak like an untoward bird in a cage.

Our author is as partial to ornithological comparisons as any poet or lover. We do not recollect, however, that he ever likens his bonny birds of Tarent to doves. Perhaps he remembered his own caution against flattery; perhaps he might deem such a simile reverent. In his third book, which treats of moral duties, and of the reasons for embracing a monastic life, we find various faults typified in the ways of some of the feathered tribe. The following is a new version of the pelican's natural affection:—

Against *testy* anchoresses David sayeth this verse—*similis factus sum pelicano solitudinis*. 'I am like a pelican (saith he) that dwelleth alone.' The pelican is a lean bird, so peevish and wrathful, that often in her rage she killeth her young ones when they vex her; and then soon after is sorry, and maketh great moan, and smiteth herself with her bill wherewith she slew them, and draweth blood out of her breast, and with the blood she then quickeneth her slain birds. This pelican is the peevish recluse.

Yet has the pelican her advantages; true anchoresses are compared to birds, because they leave worldly things fly upward towards heaven; and again, because they spread their wings and make a cross of themselves, like a bird in its flight. In this respect, the pelican anchoresses are better off than those who resemble ostriches.

Those birds fly well that have little flesh, as the pelican hath, and many feathers. The ostrich, having much flesh, maketh a pretence to fly, and flaps his wings, but his feet always draw to the earth. In like manner the carnal anchoress though she make a pretence and much noise with her wings, as if she flew, and were an holy anchoress, yet whoever scans her narrowly, laughs her to scorn. . . . Such are not like, the meagre pelican, nor fly aloft, but are birds of the earth, and make their nests on the ground.

But we are not at the end of our aviary.

Similis factus sum pelicano solitudinis: fuctus sum sicut nicticorax in domicilio. The night-bird in the eaves, betokeneth recluses who dwell under the eaves of the church. . . . And an anchoress is for this reason called anchoress, and anchored under the church as an anchor under a ship, to hold the ship so that neither winds nor storms may overwhelm it.

Our most cheerful monitor, it will be seen, is not above a pun. One more winged virtue, and we pass on:—

Vigilavi ; et factus sum sicut passer solitarius in tecto. The anchoress is there likened to a sparrow that is alone, under roof, as an anchoress.—The sparrow is a chattering bird; it is always chattering and chirping. And because many an anchoress hath the same fault, David compareth her not to a sparrow that hath a mate, but to a solitary sparrow.

Upon this text of loneliness our worthy author founds conclusions which, to our slightly heretical understanding, are the least in the world difficult to accept. We fancied, for instance, that the above words of David were a complaint. Quite new to us again is the following argument, with its naive and unanswerable ending. "Our dear Lady, did she not lead a solitary life?" At least, a married one, most reverend sir. "She was nowhere abroad, but was shut up fast, for so we find—*ingressus angelus ad eam dixit, Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum* that is, the angel went in to her; she was within then, in solitude, all alone. An angel hath seldom appeared to a man in a crowd." Seldom, O worthy sir, to any one, unless it was unawares, and has remained undiscovered.

Eight special reasons are advanced by our author in favor of a solitary life. Security: if a raging lion were running along the street, would not a wise lady shun herself in betimes? Chastity: who would bear a precious balsam in a brittle vessel through a crowd? Heaven: for she who would win it must cast the world beneath her feet. Nobility: do nobles and gentle tramp the highways with packs on their shoulders? Almsgiving: what alms equal hers who has left everything for righteousness' sake? Fellowship: the glorious fellowship of heaven. Illumination: beholding more nearly the divine countenance. Prayer: in the abundance of opportunity. And "therefore David compareth an anchoress to the pelican, which leads a solitary life, and to the sparrow, that is alone."

The childish simplicity and fanciful imagery which run throughout this Rule must make the most sternly Protestant reader feel that both its author and the pious ladies whom he addresses were very gentle and lovable persons. Respecting the recluses we shall have more to say by-and-by. As to their adviser, it is impossible not to perceive the gentleness, yet earnestness, of his morality and religion, while in argument criticism is disarmed by the very candor—we might say the barefacedness—of his sophistry. He never felt it. In the next chapter, upon Temptations, the writer's allegorical powers take a higher flight. As in

the last book we were introduced to an aviary, so here we find ourselves in a menagerie, with the seven deadly sins ranged round us for wild beasts. They are—the Lion of Pride; the Serpent of Envy; the Unicorn of Wrath; the Bear of Sloth; the Fox of Covetousness; the Swine of Greediness; and the Scorpion of Luxury. Each horrible monster is surrounded by a progeny worthy of its sire. Take, for instance, the family circle in the den of Pride.

The Lion of Pride had a great number of whelps, and I will name some of them. The first is called Vain Glory; that is any one who has a high opinion of what she doth, and wishes to have it talked of; and is well-pleased if she is praised, and displeased if she is not commended as much as she desires. The next whelp is called Indignation; that is any one who think eth scorn of ought she sees or hears from another, or despiseth correction or instruction from one beneath her. The third whelp is Hypocrisy; that is she who maketh herself seem better than she is. The fourth is presumption: that is one who taketh in hand more than she can perform, or meddleth with any thing that doth not belong to her. The fifth whelp is called Disobedience; that is the child who obeys not his parents; a minister, his bishop; a maiden, her mistress—every one below him above. The sixth whelp is Loquacity; those feed this whelp who are great talkers, who boast, judge others, lie at times, scoff, upbraid, scold, flatter, make laughter.

But it is enough. There remain Blasphemy, Impatience, Contumacy, and a host of nameless whelps, born of wealth and prosperity, birth, raiment, wit, strength, and beauty; nay, more's the pity, of purity and piety themselves. All these shapes of pride beset the poor anchoresses, and, tie her wimple as plainly as she will, she may still be one of the lion's litter. Envy, the Serpent, has a brood of seven. The Unicorn of Wrath, "which beareth on his nose the horn wherewith he butteth at all comers," has six, viz., Strife, Rage, Contumely, Cursing, Striking, and Ill-wishing. And so for the Bear with his eight cubs, of which the last is Despair, "the fiercest of all, for it gnaweth and wasteth the mild meekness, and much mercy, and measureless grace," of the Creator. Then passing by the Fox with a litter of twelve, we come to the Swine, whose offspring all come of excess, and are named, Too Early, Too Daintily, Too Eagerly, Too Largely, and Too Often, "in drink more than in meat. So are pigs farrowed." As for the Scorpion, we wot that the sisters of Tarent knew nothing of the venomous reptile, except through their worthy director, and we need not introduce the pestilent creature here to the Queen's boys and maidens. By a bold and rapid turn, the writer presents the same

mins, now embodied as human beings, in the pomp and retinue of their archpriest. "In respect to God they are slain; but they live to the fiend, and are all in his retinue, and serve him in his court, every one as best him suiteth." Did Jeremy Taylor ever read this Rule?

The proud are the devil's trumpeters; the envious, his jesters; the wrathful, his prize-fighters.

The sluggard lieth and sleepeth in the devil's bosom, as his dear darling; and the devil layeth his mouth to his ears, and telleth him whatever he will. . . . The covetous man is his assembler, and lieth alway in the ashes, and goeth about ashes, and bestirs himself busily to keep much, and to rake many together, and bloweth therein and blindeth himself; poketh, and maketh therein figures of arithmetic, as those accountants do who have much to reckon up.—Such is all the joy of this fool, and the devil seeth all this game, and laugheth so that he bursteth. But of worms shall be his kirtle and his covering who would not feed the hungry, nor clothe the naked. The worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.

We conceive there is sufficient eloquence and rhetoric in these passages to bear out our previous criticism. But our preacher's strong common sense deserts him not in the midst of this flow of feeling. He turns again suddenly to correct a vulgar and very natural error. There is great knowledge of human nature in this passage:—

An anchoress thinketh that she shall be most tempted in the first twelve months after she has begun her monastic life, and in the next twelve thereafter; and when, after many years, she feels them so strong, she is greatly amazed, and is afraid lest God hath quite forgotten her and cast her off. Nay! it is not so. In the first years it is nothing but a game at ball. But then, observe well how it fareth.

And thereupon our excellent divine presents his dear sisters with a lively parallel of earthly love-making, and compares it with the model of the heavenly bridegroom.

In the beginning it is only courtship, to draw you into love; but as soon as he perceives that he is intimate, he will have less forbearance; but after the trial, in the end, then is the great joy.

And so proceeding, with the same profound charity, the author cautions the sisters against too severe condemnation of their neighbor's fault, and bids them do "as the holy man did, who sat and wept, and said, when he was told of one fallen into mortal sin—*ille hodie, ego crus.*"

These ladies, we may observe, can hardly

have been ignorant of Latin, and we have ventured to presume a similar proficiency on the part of our own fair readers. Proceeding then through the comforts to be found under temptation, the writer quotes the saying of St. Bernard—*Quoties vincis, toties coronaberis*—and in elucidation of the maxim he tells a little tale.

The story in the *Lives of the Fathers* also beareth witness of this, concerning the disciple who sat before his master, and his master fell asleep while he was teaching him, and slept until midnight; and when he awoke he said 'Art thou yet here? Go and sleep directly.' The holy man, his master, soon fell asleep again, as he had been before in much watching, and in a fair place he saw a throne set forth, and upon it seven crowns, and a voice came to him and said, 'This throne and these seven crowns thy disciple hath this night earned.' And the holy man awaked from sleep and called him to him.—'Tell me,' quoth he, 'how was it with thee while I slept, and thou didst sit before me?' I often thought, quoth he, 'to awaken thee, and because thou didst sleep sweetly I could not for pity.—And then I thought to go away, for I desired to sleep, and would not without leave. 'How oft,' quoth he, 'didst thou overcome thy thought thus? Seven times,' said he. Then understood his master well what were the seven crowns.'

Such are the simple stories that may mingle with the sisters' pious thoughts, as they pace their garden by the river Stour, meditating the awful themes summed up in these two lines—

*Mors tua, mors Domini, nota culpa, gaudia cessat,
Judicis terror, figantur mente fidei.*

Surrounded by such adversaries as we have described, what help may the anchoresses find, as they stand "above the sea of this world, upon the bridge of heaven, so that they become not like the horse that is shy, and blenches at a shadow upon the high bridge, and falleth down into the water from the high bridge?"

The remedy of pride is humility; of envy, love one to another; of wrath, patience; of indolence, reading.

Often, dear sisters, ye ought to pray less, that ye may read more. Reading is good prayer. . . . In reading, when the heart rejoiceth, then springeth up devotion, and that is worth many prayers. St. Jerome saith, "Let pious reading be ever in thy hand; let slumber steal upon thee holding thy book, and the holy page receive thy drooping face." So shall ye read earnestly and long. But everything may be overdone. The middle way is ay the best

Still moderation. And when, a little further, we find our excellent director advising a

sister, in certain straits, to give herself "a smart flagellation," we are still so penetrated with his general tenderness, that we think involuntarily of the lashes, falling anywhere but on his own back, with which the squire of La Mancha sought to disenchant the bewitched damsel of Toboso. In his fifth book, our author treats of Shrift. Confession must have these sixteen qualities; it must be "accusatory, bitter and sorrowful, full, candid, frequent, speedy, humble, ashamed, anxious, hopeful, prudent, true, willing, spontaneous, steadfast, and premeditated." But here we approach debatable ground; and we must pass over this chapter with the remark that, although the author handles its subject with all his usual discretion, he still gives us abundant cause to rejoice that in our less artificial faith, such means of grace are unnecessary, and may well be unknown. The same observation applies also to the next book, which treats of penance, unless, indeed, we might consider the subject as exhausted in the opening words—"All that ye endure, my dear sisters, and all the good ye ever do, and all ye ever suffer, is penance, yea, and strong penance." But many anchoresses, says our author, sadly, "more is the harm, are of such fleshly wisdom, and so afraid lest their head ache, and so careful of their health, that they, who ought only to heal their soul, become physicians of the body."

Did ye never hear the story of the three holy men, one of whom was wont for his cold stomach to use hot spices, and cared more for meat and for drink than did the other twain, who even in sickness heeded not what was fit, but took what God sent them, nor made much ado about ginger, or valerian, or cloves? One day when these three lay asleep, that careful one in the midst, came there the Queen of Heaven, and with her two maidens, of whom one bare as it seemed an electuary, and the other a spoon of good gold. Our Lady took some of it with the spoon, and put into the mouth of one, and the maidens passed on to the middlemost. "Nay," said our Lady, "he is his own physician; pass on to the third." A holy man stood not far off, and beheld all this.*

A slight trait in this chapter gives a practical reality, a personality, so to speak, to the work, which is at once amusing and interesting. "Be blithe of heart, my dear sisters," exclaims the author, "when ye meet despite from *Slurry*, the cook's boy, that washeth the dishes in the kitchen," for such are the crosses that shall exalt you to heaven. But oh, *Slurry*, naughty scullion boy, what a saucy tongue was that of thine which could vex

* David Frye, of Branham, may believe this storie, who hath al read it.—"St. Bernard on his Creed.—Note on Margin of MS."

these gentle ladies, even though to their good! "Young trees planted in God's orchard," they were girt round about with thorns enough without suffering these spiteful mortifications. The seventh book treats of the mistress rule of all, the rule of love.

Four kinds of love there are found in this world; the foremost is that between good friends; between man and woman is the next; the third between a mother and her child; and the last between body and soul. But above them all, and far surpassing is that love, whereof this discourse, the love of the Saviour for the spouse. "Lo, here," he saith in his wooing, "I hold a sharp sword over thine head, to sever life and soul, and to plunge them into the fire of hell, there to dwell the devil's paramour, shamefully and sorrowfully, world without end. Answer now, and defend thyself against me if thou canst: and if not, then give me thy love, for which I yearn so sorely, not for mine own, but for thy great behoof."

Such is the love which must be the lady rule of the recluse's heart, whom all other rules shall serve, and for whose sake only ought they to be kept. And in such subjection, most especially, shall be kept those maxims relating to external life which are prescribed by our author in his eighth and concluding book. "I said before," he observes, "that ye ought not, like unwise people, to promise to keep any of the external rules. . . . Ye may even change them, whenever ye will, for better ones." Fifteen times a year, and no more, shall the good sisters receive the holy communion, for that men hold a thing less daintily when they have it often. Twice every day shall they eat from Easter till Holyrood, the later,* which is in harvest, except on Fridays, and Ember days, and procession days and vigils. But in those days and in Advent, they may eat nothing *white* except on necessity. The other half of the year they are to fast constantly, except on Sundays. They are not to eat lard or flesh except in sickness; but when infirm may take pottage without scruple. They should accustom themselves to little drink.

Nevertheless, dear sisters (continues the author), your meat and drink have seemed to me less than I would have them. Fast no day upon bread and water, except ye have leave. . . . Make ye no banqueting, and encourage no vagabond knaves to come to your gate; if no evil come thereof, but their endless talking, it would at times prevent heavenly thoughts. . . . It is not fit that an anchoress should make largess of other folk's alms. Should we not laugh to scorn a beggar that bade men to a feast? . . .

* The Exaltation of the Cross, Sept. 14, called the *later*, to distinguish it from the Invention of the Cross, May 3.

An anchoress may not gather to give away. She is not a housewife, but a church anchoress. If she can spare any shreds for the poor, let her send them privately out of her dwelling.

From the courtesy of an anchoress, and from her largess, sin and shame have come often in the end. Give women and children that have worked for you, what you can spare of your own—but never to any men in your presence, except in great need. I desire not that ye should be called courteous anchoresses.

As for their dress our good ladies are bidden to be content with either white or black, so only that it be plain, and warm and good, and sufficient in quantity both for bed and for back. But next the skin they must wear nothing softer than hard and coarse canvas. They must sleep in a garment, and begirt. They are forbidden all such luxuries as iron, and haircloth, and hedgehog skins; nor may they beat themselves with the like, nor with leather thongs, nor leaded; nor yet, without leave, with holly and briers. Their shoes are to be thick and warm, but in summer, if they please, they may go barefoot. Indifferent it is whether they wear wimples or capes and black veils. But ring and brooch, gay girdle or gloves, these vanities are not for anchoresses. Most lovely are they when least adorned outwardly.

"I am ever better pleased the coarser the work ye do." No elegant needle-play of the boudoir may enter the parlor of the convent. No silken purses to gain friends withal shall an anchoress net; rather let her shape, and sew, and mend church vestments and poor folk's weeds. Neither may she become a school-mistress, or turn her cloister into a children's school. Yet may her damsel teach any little maid, that were better not taught among boys. The anchoress herself must have no thought but of heaven.

Four times in the year shall each lady have her hair cut, and as often, if necessary, shall she be let blood. At such time they shall avoid every thing irksome for three days, and talk with their maidens, and divert themselves with instructive tales. The maidens themselves shall be of a mood like their mistresses. They shall not carry idle tales, nor sing one to another, nor laugh and play. Their hair shall be cut short, their head-cloth sit low, their eyes be cast down. Their garments should bespeak their life. Above all let them forbear to vex their mistress.

And whenever they do so, before ever they eat or drink, let them make obeisance before her on their knees, down to the earth, and saying—*Mea culpa*—and so bear the penance she layeth upon them, bowing low. Then never more shall the anchoress upbraid the maiden for that fault, but drive it wholly out of her heart. And if any strife ariseth between the women, the anchoress

shall cause them to make obeisance one to the other, with bended knee, and one to raise up the other, and at last to kiss each other; and on each the anchoress shall lay some penance, but most on her who is most in fault.

These rules the anchoresses are to read to their maidens every week till they know them well. They are also enjoined to take much care of them, and to teach them diligently to keep their rule, both for their sakes and for their own; "but gently and lovingly, as becomes the teaching of women, loving and gentle, and seldom stern. It is right that they should both fear and love you, but that ever their should be more of love than of fear. So shall all fare well." With such love in fear, every maiden's heart would echo the touching-prayer which they are to be taught to say after every meal, that the Author of all good "will give our mistress his grace, ever more and more, and grant to her and us both to have a good ending, and reward all who do us good, and be merciful to the souls of them that have done us good, to the souls of them and of all Christians. Amen."

One other companion is allowed to inhabit the sacred precincts of the sisterhood. Cattle are not for anchoresses; they may not trouble themselves for cow's fodder. If any one must needs keep a cow, let her take good heed that it shall neither annoy nor harm any one, nor that her own thoughts centre too much upon the horned temptation. But as a rule, "ye shall not possess any beast, my dear sisters, save only a cat." Happy puss! Demurest of the tabby kind, as beffited the placid dignity of such gentle mistresses, what a life of half-shut eyes and drowsy ease to dream away in that quiet cloister! What a pet of pets, to be treasured, and nursed, and fondled, by those most amiable of spinsters! Dare we suggest that puss was truly the mother-superior of the house? That to her supreme will and pleasure everything else gave way? Shall we think of the tears that were shed for her caprice? Perchance of the penance undergone for her sake? Did Slurry, that saucy scullion-boy, ever provoke the wrath of the ladies, by teasing her? Mild, we are sure, in such case, was the rebuke, and easy the atonement imposed by the author of the *Anchoresses' Rule*.

In taking leave of that worthy person, we could almost wish our own faith allowed us to fulfil his parting desire to his disciples:—"As often as ye read anything in this book, greet our Lady with a 'Hail, Mary,' for him who made this Rule, and for him who wrote it, and took pains about it. Moderate enough am I, who ask so little." We trust that we have at least succeeded in giving a favorable idea of his practical, gentle, and affectionate piety.

To our mind a pleasant picture rises of that little cloister beside the Dorsetshire river, paced with tranquil and measured tread by those three simple ladies and their decent hand-maidens, their low-toned speech and murmured hymns scarce breaking the silence of the narrow walls within which their life breathed itself away, like the perfume of a flower in the wilderness. Alas! in the wilderness. Is it prejudice that makes us think that such life was never meant for any human soul on earth, and that voluntarily to seek it, is to

avoid many of the duties, to shrink from many of the trials, to forego many of the privileges, and to neglect many of the virtues prescribed to every soul of the family of man? Are we uncharitable in believing that to renounce the joys of the world may be to condemn the bounty of the Creator? It might seem ungrateful to press these questions, when but for our good anchoresses of Tarent, we had been without the pleasure of reading the Rule composed in their behalf.

W. D. W.

MAJOR ANDRE.—SERVIENS "being engaged upon a biography of Major André," I send the following, trusting it may be acceptable:

"Colonel Hamilton to Miss Schuyler.
"Head Quarters of the Army,
Tappan, October 2, 1780.

Poor André suffers to-day. Everything that is amiable in virtue, in fortitude, in delicate sentiment, and accomplished manners, plead for him; but hard-hearted policy calls for a sacrifice. He must die. I send you my account of Arnold's affair; and to justify myself to your sentiments, I must inform you that I urged a compliance with André's request to be shot, and I do not think it would have had an ill effect. But some people are only sensible to motives and policy, and sometimes from a narrow disposition mistake it.

"When André's tale comes to be told, and present resentment is over, the refusing him the privilege of choosing the manner of his death will be branded with too much obstinacy.

"It was proposed to me to suggest to him the idea of an exchange for Arnold; but I knew I should have forfeited his esteem by doing it, and therefore declined it. As a man of honor he could not but reject it; and I would not for the world have proposed to him a thing which must have placed me in the unamiable light of supposing him capable of meanness, or of not feeling myself the impropriety of the measure. I confess to you I had the weakness to value the esteem of a dying man because I revered his merit."

The much-respected lady to whom the above letter was addressed, died at Washington, November 9th, 1854, at the advanced age of ninety-seven years, having outlived her husband, General Hamilton, for more than half a century.

W. W.
Notes and Queries.

Poems of Ossian.—The *John o' Groat Journal* says:

"We lately sent a deputation to wait on an aged widow of fourscore years, resident in Suther-

land, who can repeat not much less than a thousand lines of poetry, which she regards as Ossianic, or belonging to a very remote age! Upwards of eight hundred lines, rather imperfectly copied, we have got and can produce them

In the language of our friends who waited upon her, and passed two long summer days in copying her lays: "She never heard these poems imputed to any but Ossian and other bards of the Fingalian age." She firmly believed that the very words of these poems were those of the Fingalians. She never heard of the Macpherson controversy, nor that ever the poems of Ossian were in print."

In addition to this, I may add, that when I attended University and King's College, Aberdeen, there were several students from Nova Scotia. We all lodged in the same house. Our conversation one evening happened to turn on the Poems of Ossian. I asked if they were known in Nova Scotia? I was told that many of the people who had emigrated from the Highlands could repeat many lines of his poems; although they could neither read nor write, and that they have never heard of Macpherson.

W. G.
Notes and Queries.

CAMPBELL'S POEMS.

Sweet was to us the Hermitage
Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more.
O'Connor's Child.

The last line of the above extract is repeated by the poet, in almost the same words, in his Lines on leaving a Scene in Bavaria:

Yes! I have loved the wild abode,
Unknown, unplough'd, untrodden shore:
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar;
For man's neglect I love thee more.
Notes and Queries.

"GALORE."—This word, now in common use, is derived from the Irish *go leor*, i. e. in abundance.

From Fraser's Magazine.

YE OYL OF WHELP'S.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT FRENCH CHIRURGEON, AMBROSE PARÉ.

AMONG the great names which have done honor to the science and literature of France, there is none greater than that of Ambrose Paré. It would be no mean praise to have written a complete treatise on the science and art of surgery three centuries ago, and to have anticipated by upwards of a century the publication of the first systematic work on surgery by our own Richard Wiseman, the reputed father of surgery in England. To have done this is part of Paré's claim to our respect. But Paré did more than this. He was not merely a systematic author—not merely a compiler of the opinions and precepts of other men; he was himself a discoverer and inventor: and it greatly enhances the interest attaching to his achievements at the present time, that the greatest of his discoveries was made on the field of battle, and the best of his mechanical inventions and improvements devoted to the service of the soldier. The incident in Paré's life which gives the title to this paper also derives much of its interest from its connection with gunshot wounds; and though it must be admitted to be quite possible that the discovery of the right method of treating this most important class of injuries might have been made by some other surgeon before this time, had Paré never lived, it is certainly not impossible that the tortures and dangers of a mistaken mode of treatment might, but for him, be even now superadded to the long list of miseries which have tried to the utmost even the patient fortitude and matchless heroism of our brave soldiers in the Crimea.

A short sketch of the life of Ambrose Paré, by way of introduction to the story of the Oyl of Whelps, will not perhaps be unacceptable to our readers. He was born at Laval, in the department of the Maine, in 1509; and devoted himself early in life to the study of his profession, which he followed with great zeal both in the army and in the hospitals of France; and achieved so great a reputation as to be appointed surgeon in ordinary to Henry II. in 1552, a post which he retained under the three succeeding kings, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. On Charles IX. he appears to have conferred great professional benefits, and is believed to have saved his life by his skilful management of a wound received in the opening of a vein. Paré seems to have endeared himself so much to this monarch, that, through his special favor and protection, he, though a Calvinist, escaped the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Duke of Sully, in his memoirs, bears testi-

mony to the attachment which this cruel and fanatic king had formed to our surgeon.

Of all those (he says) who were about the person of this prince, (Charles IX.) none possessed so great a share of his confidence as Ambrose Paré, his surgeon. This man, though a Huguenot, lived with him in so great a degree of familiarity that, on the day of the massacre, Charles telling him the time was now come when the whole kingdom would be Catholics, he replied, without being alarmed, "By the light of God, sire, I cannot believe that you have forgot your promise never to command me to do four things, namely: to enter into my mother's womb, to be present in the day of battle, to quit your service, or to go to mass." The king soon after took him aside, and disclosed to him freely the trouble of his soul: "Ambrose," said he, "I know not what has happened to me these two or three days past, but I feel my mind and body as much at enmity with each other as if I was seized with a fever; sleeping or waking, the murdered Huguenots seem ever present to my eyes, with ghastly faces, and weltering in blood. I wish the innocent and helpless had been spared." The order which was published the following day, forbidding the continuance of the massacre, was in consequence of this conversation.

From what we know of Ambrose Paré, we may be sure that he would have yielded no jot or tittle of the faith that was in him either to the threats or to the blandishments of a court. He would have done his duty even to martyrdom, unless the following passage from the *Eloge* of Dr. Vimont belie him:—

At this disastrous period, when fanaticism lighted up the fire of civil war in France, the plague, that formidable weapon of vengeance in the hands of Providence, exercised its ravages, and filled up the cup of misery to our afflicted country. Driven from city to city by this destructive scourge, Charles IX. at length consulted the oracle of surgery, as to the best method of stopping its career. Paré observed his Majesty's commands by publishing a clear and methodical work, being the result of his observation and experience; and the exactitude of his details may be the more relied on, as, during the three years of his being surgeon to the Hotel Dieu, he attended a number of individuals of every age and sex, and he was himself seized with this dreadful malady. Sustained by sincere and unaffected piety, of which his life was a perfect model, and by a courageous zeal which never gave way to any sense of personal danger when the welfare of another was at stake, Paré shut himself up in that sacred asylum, which religion and humanity keep constantly open for diseased indigence. Here, in this domicile of disease and death, he was seen to exert all the faculties of his soul, and all the resources of his art, and once more he turned the lessons of misfortune to the advantage of mankind.

Ambrose Paré, thus admired for his skill,

and esteemed for his virtues, died December 20th, 1590, at the ripe age of eighty-one. He must have been about thirty years of age, when he made the notable discovery of which we are now to render an account—an account which we shall give mainly in the quaint old English of Thomas Johnson, who published a translation of Ambrose Paré's collected works, with many a misgiving and many an apology, in the year 1634.

In the year of our Lord, 1536, Francis, the French king, for his acts in war and peace styled the Great, sent a puissant army beyond the Alps, under the government and leading of Annas of Mommorancy, High Constable of France, both that he might relieve Turin with victuals, soldiers, and all things needful, as also to recover the cities of that province, taken by the Marquis of Guast, general of the emperor's forces. I (says Paré) was in the king's army, the chirurgeon of Monsieur de Montejan, general of the foot. The imperialists had taken the Straits of Suze, the castle of Villane, and all the other passages, so that the king's army was not able to drive them from their fortifications but by fight. In this conflict there were many wounded on both sides, with all sorts of weapons, but chiefly with bullets. I will tell the truth (says honest Ambrose): I was not very expert at that time in matters of chirurgery, neither was I used to dress wounds made by gun-shot.

Now I had read in John de Vigo (this gentleman seems to have been the great surgical authority of his time), that wounds made by gun-shot were venenous or poisoned, and that by reason of the gunpowder; wherefore for their cure, it was expedient to burn or cauterize them with oil of elders, scalding hot, (poor soldiers!) with a little treacle mixed therewith. But, for that I gave no credit neither to the author nor remedy, because I knew that caustics could not be poured into wounds without excessive pain, I (says our most discreet Ambrose), before I would run a hazard, determined to see whether the chirurgeons who went with me in the army used any other manner of dressing to these wounds. I observed and saw that all of them used that method of dressing which Vigo prescribes, and that they filled as full as they could the wounds made by gunshot with tents and pledgets dipped in this scalding oil at the first dressing, which encouraged me to do the like to those who came to be dressed of me. It chanced on a time, that by reason of the multitude that were hurt, I wanted this oil. Now, because there were some few left to be dressed, I was forced, (happy necessity!) that I might seem to want nothing, and that I might not leave them undressed, to apply a digestive, made of the yolk of an egg, oil of roses and turpentine. I could not sleep all that night, (anxious Ambrose!) for I was troubled in my mind, and the dressing of the day precedent (which I judged unfit) troubled my thoughts, and I feared that the next day I should find them dead, or at the point of death, by the poison of the wounds, whom I had not dressed with the scalding oil. Therefore I rose early in

the morning; I visited my patients, and beyond expectation, I found such as I had dressed with a digestive only, free from vehemency of pain, to have had good rest, and that their wounds were not inflamed or tumefied; but on the contrary, the others that were burnt with the scalding oil were feverish, tormented with much pain, and the parts about their wounds were swoin.— When I had many times tried this, in divers others I thought thus much, (wise Ambrose!) that neither I, nor any other, should ever cauterize any wounded by gun-shot.

This account of a discovery, destined to confer such great benefits on generations of wounded men, seems to be replete with interest. In it, as in a mirror, we may see the exact history of some discoveries, and the approximate history of more. A man of native sense and shrewdness begins by daring to doubt the infallibility of some recognized authority; but conscious of his own want of practice and experience, makes inquiry among his brother practitioners of the art and mystery to which he has dedicated his talents, and finds them unanimous in support of the practice against which his own instincts had begun to rebel. He is satisfied for the time; and but for the happy interposition of the fairy, Necessity, the mother of invention and discovery, would go on to the end of his days treading in the footsteps of old and hardened offenders against truth and nature. His former doubts have prepared him to profit by opportunity; he can see the facts which others would overlook; he can compare the issues of conflicting procedures, and will assuredly shake himself free from the fetters of practice and prejudice. But such a man is not content with improvement. The same watchful and unprejudiced frame of mind which made his first discovery possible, sets him on the search after some better method, if any such should chance to fall under his notice. Thus was it with Ambrose Paré, as he shall tell us once more in his own language, rendered into the English of three centuries ago by worthy Thomas Johnson.

When we first came to Turin (says good Ambrose Paré), there was a chirurgeon far more famous than all the rest in artificially and happily curing wounds made by gunshot; wherefore I labored with all diligence for two years' time to gain his favor and love, so that at length I might learn of him what kind of medicine that was which he honored with the glorious title of balsam, which was so highly esteemed by him, and so happy and successful to his patients; yet could I not obtain it. It fell out a small while after, that the Marshal of Montejan, the king's lieutenant-general, then in Piedmont, died;— wherefore I went unto my chirurgeon, and told him that I could take no pleasure in living there, the favorer and Mecenas of my studies being taken away; and that I intended forthwith to

return to Paris, and that it would neither hinder nor discredit him, to teach his remedy to me, who should be so far remote from him. When he heard this he made no delay, but presently wished me to provide two whelps, one pound of earth worms, two pounds of oil of lilies, six ounces of Venice turpentine, and one ounce of aqua vite. In my presence he boiled the whelps put alive into that oil, until the flesh came from the bones; then presently he put in the worms, which he had first killed in white wine, that they might be so cleansed from the earthly dross with which they are usually replete; and then he boiled them in the same oil so long till they became dry, and had spent all their juice therein; then he strained it through a towel without much pressing; and added the turpentine to it, and lastly aqua vite. Calling God to witness that he had no other balsam wherewith to cure wounds made with gun-shot and bring them to suppuration. Thus he sent me away, as rewarded with a most precious gift, requesting me to keep it as a great secret, and not to reveal it to any.

Now, it is a curious psychological fact well worth noting, that Ambrose Paré, whose mind was acute enough to suspect the mistake which contemporaries were committing in following the precepts of John de Vigo, and adding the tortures of scalding to the pain of gunshot wounds, continued to attach considerable importance to the Oyl of Whelps, never dreaming for a moment that the virtue of this slimy oil was but the negative virtue which attached equally to his own extempore compound of yolk of egg, oil of roses, and turpentine.—Both remedies, though not in themselves unsuitable dressings for gunshot wounds, owed the success which seemed to attend their use, much more to the exclusion of the scalding oils than to any inherent curative property of their own. But Paré, it must not be forgotten, had purchased his secret by two years spent in the constant endeavor to gain the favor and love of the inventor and discoverer of this wonderful recipe; a circumstance which could not fail to enhance its value in his estimation. Nor is it unlikely that both master and pupil shared the delusion, not to be wondered at in men living in those days, that the living principle of the poor whelps could be, in some mysterious manner, transferred to the fluid in which their young lives were extinguished.—Such a superstition would be in harmony with the ambitious longings which broke out into fruitless searches after the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. As to the cruelty practised upon the poor whelps, that was not likely to shock the feelings of men who are familiar with the lingering tortures inflicted upon human beings for mere differences of opinion on questions of religion, or of inability to conform themselves to the doctrines of kings, emperors, or popes.

Living as we do in an age of comparative enlightenment, and not having the fear of penalties before our eyes, we shall venture to comment with some freedom on this curious anecdote of the Oyl of Whelps, and endeavor to make a practical application of its teaching to a not inconsiderable body of our fellow-citizens. At a period not very remote from this mesmeric, table-turning and spirit-rapping era, there existed a multitudinous John de Vigo, entertaining very strange and superstitious notions concerning the cause of disease, and having an equally strange tendency to undervalue and disparage the resources of nature in combating and conquering her own maladies. Hence an exaggerated belief in the virtues of medicines, and of remedies internal and external; hence cruel sufferings often superadded to the pangs of internal diseases, as the scalding oil to the smart of gunshot wounds; hence, also, the pernicious and degrading custom of charging patients, not for the time and skill bestowed upon their maladies, but for the medicines supplied for their use. These evils having grown to a certain magnitude, first engendered complaint, and then rebellion and reaction.

The public mind was being gradually prepared for the advent of any imposture which should promise a release from the tyranny of drugs, but still on the condition well understood, that the popular faith in medicine and distrust of the powers of nature should not be disturbed. Homœopathy supplied these two *desiderata* to perfection. Hahnemann, with his preposterous hypothesis, his fanciful or false personal experiences, and his infinitesimal doses, was welcomed with open arms.—The public shook his little particles of syrup in the faces of the John de Vigos, and gravely sipped a tea-spoonful of an ocean impregnated with a drop of physic, affirming the success of the treatment to be as undoubted as the truth of the theory. Of course, success seemed to attend the homœopaths, as it had seemed to attend the old school of allopathists when they counteracted the efforts of nature, which these innovators simply left alone. But it was a case of the Oyl of Whelps over again. The inventor of that ingenious compound had, unknown to himself, contrived to leave nature very nearly to herself in the matter of gunshot wounds. He abstained from the scalding oils, and substituted a harmless slime in their place, comforting to the wound, and not in any way hindering the beneficent operations of nature. The *vis medicatrix nature* had full play. But the inventor all the time honestly thought that the result was attributable to the balsamic virtues of his oil, redolent, as it seemed to be, of the very living principle of the unfortunate whelps and earth worms. So with the disciples of Hahnemann. Their globules have

the same claim to the cure of disease as the Oyl of Whelps had to the healing of wounds—certainly no higher claim—perhaps even a lower one.

But we shall be told that some of the most enlightened, aye, and the most sceptical, men and women of the present day believe in the doctrines of Hahnemann, and the success of homeopathic treatment. We admit the fact, but we attach no importance to it; for we have a theory at least as ingenious, and, as we think, much nearer to the truth, by which we are wont to account for credulity among sceptics. It is this:—that all human beings, without exception, have within them a proneness to credulity and superstition—all, not even excepting mathematicians, logicians, and statists—and that because this inclination finds no play in the strict business in which they engage, it must break out in some direction or other where the mind is least fortified by experience, and least able to combat it. Let no man, then, be surprised or grieved over much, to find a great logician believing in Hahnemann, or a great statist in table-turning, or a great mathematician in spirit-rapping, or a confirmed atheist in phreno-mesmerism. The credulity, which is a part of their composition, and which they share with the most unlettered rustic, must break out somewhere. Even Ambrose Paré, who dared to disbelieve in

scalding oils, went away from the inventor of Oyl of Whelps, after his two years' siege, happy as a man who had found a great treasure, and really believing it to be something better than his own mixture of yolk of eggs, oil of roses, and turpentine. Yet this great and worthy surgeon could reason concerning the alleged poisonous character of gunshot wounds, and refute the reasons advanced in favor of that strange hypothesis, with a logical and inductive acumen which would have charmed the very heart of the author of the *Novum Organon*, who lived a century later.

But to have believed in the Oyl of Whelps was a slight blot on the escutcheon of the great French surgeon, to whom, and to such men as he was—to Cook, and Howard, and Jenner—we owe it that our brave armies and fleets in the East are not "lost in loss itself," tortured with scalding oils, eaten up with scurvy, and decimated by jail fever and small-pox, carried among them from the prisons of England. While we grieve over the accursed mismanagement that has starved and frozen our heroes in the Crimea, let us not forget to feel and to express our gratitude to those who, in times past, labored to abolish cruel practices, and to prevent and destroy diseases which at a period not very remote, were the scourges of all our armies and fleets.

Who is the author of the following graceful lines?

Wrong not, deare empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
By thinking hee can feele no smart,
That sues for no compassion.

For since that I doe sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
Whome all desire, yet none deserve
A place in her affection.

I'd rather chuse to wante releife,
Than hazard ye revealing;
Where glory recommends ye greefe,
Dispare dissuades ye healing.

Since my desires doe aime too high
For any mortall lover,
And reason cannot make them dye,
Discretion shall them cover.

Silence in love doth show more woe
Than words, though none so wity.
The beggar that is dumb, you knowe,
Deserveth double pity.

Notes and Queries.

THE SCHOOLBOY FORMULA.

The following are used in the United States for the selection of the *tagger*, before commencing a game of tag. A boy is touched by one in the middle of the ring at each word. The one last touched *goes out* of the circle. The process is recommenced and continued until only one is left, who is the first tagger.

"Eeny, meeny, moany, mite,
Butter, lather, boney, strike,
Hair, bit, frost, neck,
Harrico, barrico, we, wo, wack."

"Eeny, meeny, tipty, te,
Teena, Dinah, Domine,
Hocca, proach, Domma, noach,
Hi, pon, tus."

"One-ery, Two-ery, Hickory, Ann,
Filliston, Follaston, Nicholas, John,
Queeby, Quawby, Virgin, Mary,
Singalum, Sangalum, Buck."

Notes and Queries

From Fraser's Magazine.

WHITELOCKE'S EMBASSY TO SWEDEN.*

In August, 1653, Cromwell and the Council of State determined, as their first great step in diplomacy, to send an ambassador to the court of Sweden, and chose Whitelocke for the purpose.

While England languished under James and Charles, or turned her prowess against herself in civil war, the arms of Gustavus Adolphus had made Sweden the queen of Protestant Europe. She was mistress of all the Baltic provinces, which now supply the best soldiers and the best generals of Russia. Denmark was her only rival in the Northern Seas. Russia, before Peter the Great, was like Macedon before Philip ; she had barely shown her head in the civilized world, and all her trade was through Archangel. Sweden therefore was a powerful ally. She was also the natural friend of a great Protestant power, and this friendship was not likely to be marred, like the friendship of Holland, by commercial rivalry. On the other hand, the support of the English fleet would be very valuable to Sweden, in repressing Denmark, opening the Sound, and keeping free the navigation of the Northern Seas.

But Cromwell probably had a larger object in view than even the Swedish alliance, much more than the commercial advantages for which the alliance was nominally made. He wished to give the English Commonwealth the same position among the great powers of Europe which had been held by the English Monarchy, and for that purpose to have an English ambassador received at the court of a great sovereign prince ; such being the policy of the English republicans, and not to fill the world with blustering manifestoes and ranting emissaries in red scarfs. Christina was well chosen for the experiment. Independently of the Protestant connection, she was the daughter of Gustavus, whose official character as a king was quite lost in his personal character as a Protestant knight-errant. She was a great admirer of Cromwell, as he could hardly fail to know. The founder of her line, Gustavus Vasa, had mounted the Swedish throne, as she herself observed to Whitelocke, by steps very like those through which Cromwell had risen to greatness. But, above all, the eccentricity of her character, and her love of doing startling things, was likely to make her glory

in receiving the ambassador of a regicide republic. Cromwell could not at that time tell that she had resolved to separate her cause from that of kings by a voluntary abdication of the throne. The Chancellor Oxenstiern governed Sweden in her name ; but as the monarchy was nearly absolute, the personal wishes of the sovereign had great influence, and Christina had shown in some rather disastrous instances that she would have her own way.

The choice of an ambassador was no less happy. Whitelocke had faults and weaknesses, and he does not rank high among the statesmen of that heroic age. He was too much for himself, and for half-measures, and Clarendon damns him with mitigated blame, as one who bowed an unwilling knee to Baal. But still he was a considerable man, and an excellent negotiator ; though wanting in strength of character himself, he was a shrewd judge of character in others. He was a good talker, and a man of polished manners. He was a soldier and a gentleman, as well as a lawyer. He had been consulted by Fairfax in the conduct of sieges, and had made £2,000 a-year at the bar. He was a good musician ; he had been a good dancer ; and he could talk to Christina about theology, philosophy, and the classics. He had seen courts and had good connections, which enabled him to take men of family in his suite. He was no fanatic either political or religious, and therefore not likely to give unnecessary offence. His civil cowardice had gained him a name for moderation, and he had taken no part in the "great business," as Mrs. Whitelocke calls the king's death. All this made him the right man for the republic to send to a queen ; and we may be sure that he was chosen because he was the right man. As to sending him into honorable exile and getting rid of his opposition, Cromwell would have kicked his opposition to the winds.

When the offer was made to him he was in disgrace, deprived of his commissionership of the Great Seal, and excluded from the Barebones Parliament — the sad reward of his wise and faithful counsel to secure the fruits of the Revolution by restoring Charles II. He doubted long and debated much whether he should accept the appointment. On the one hand, it had great attractions both for his vanity and for his sincere desire to serve the Protestant cause. On the other hand, he was in high dudgeon against Cromwell and the wicked unconstitutional world ; he feared the cold of Sweden and the sea voyage at the "crazy old age" of forty-nine ; he had a wife and twelve children, with a thirteenth coming ; and he dreaded, not without reason, the swords of royalist assassins, and the fate of the regicide envoys, Ascham and Dorislaus. His judicious friends, being consulted, found much to be

* "A Journal of the Swedish Embassy in the Years 1653 and 1654. Impartially written by the Ambassador, Bulstrode Whitelocke. First published from the Original MS. by Dr. Charles Morton, M. D., F. S. A., Librarian of the British Museum. A New Edition, revised by Henry Reeve, Esq., F. S. A. In two Vols. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855.

said on one side, and much also to be said on the other. His wife did her utmost to unman him in two *Hector-and-Andromache* scenes, which he gives *in extenso*. Mr. Cooke, an old and faithful servant, on the contrary, opined, though the subject "was too high for him," that if Whitelocke could do more good by going than by staying at home, he had better go, and that other people had made sea voyages before and came back safe, which seems to have been a new light to his master. Finally, Whitelocke went to Cromwell, coquettish with him about his fitness for the post, and talked of the reluctance of Mrs. Whitelocke. Cromwell told him (much as Johnson might have told Boswell) that he really did think him the right man; that he was sure Mrs. Whitelocke, being a good and pious woman, would spare her dear husband for a little time to the state; and that he would take care to give him a first-rate outfit and honor his bills. These conversations are minutely reported by Whitelocke, and he himself appears so like a simpleton in them, that we cannot doubt the accuracy of his report.

So Whitelocke is to go. Credentials are made out from the Parliament, expressing, perhaps in rather too good Latin, its desire that the old friendship of England with all foreign nations *sarta tecta conservetur*. Private instructions in English are made by the Council, giving Whitelocke full powers of negotiating, and stating the immediate object of the proposed treaty; to open the Sound, in spite of the Danes and Dutch, by the united navies of England and Sweden, and to put an end to the harboring of royalists at the Swedish court. The ambassador's allowance is fixed after some doleful haggling with the Council, at £1000 a month, besides coaches and liveries. Monk and Blake prepare two frigates, besides some smaller vessels, for the embassy. Mrs. Whitelocke pots meat, preserves fruits, bottles wine, and salts butter; the materials of collations hereafter to be deeply appreciated by the Swedish ladies. Whitelocke collects his suite, a hundred in number, with no strange Puritan names, but with one son of a peer and one son of a baronet, and makes them a speech "in the manner of Judas Maccabeus," bidding them who are fearful go back, and "those whose courage do serve them for this action" come on; he also tells them that he means to keep up good order and religion among them in the foreign country to which they are going, a promise which he faithfully performed. The most important member of the suite is she chaplain, Mr. Ingelo, who is destined to uphold the credit of Puritan Calvinism in the midst of the crucifix-using and anti-Sabbatarian Lutherans of Sweden. A final adieu is said to the pleasant country, and to the pleasant

Court of Chancery, and its pleasant neighbors in Westminster Hall.

Mr. W. Bushell, an ingenious gentleman, who had been servant to the Lord Chancellor Bacon, sent a civil letter to Whitelocke, with a noble present—a curious rich cabinet of green velvet; in it were two dozen of great glasses of the most rare and best distilled spirits of hot waters, after the direction of his lord; and every glass had its screws and cover of Welsh silver, chiefly found out by himself.

One can fancy the great Verulam majestically interrogating nature for this comfortable purpose, and looking with philosophic satisfaction on the "fruit," of his investigations. The cabinet, with its contents, was afterwards not inappropriately given to the learned and philosophic Christina.

While the ships were waiting for a wind at Gravesend, Whitelocke dashed up to London for one more scene with his Andromache. On the 7th of November he got to sea; having, just as he was starting, received the happy tidings of the safe birth of his thirteenth child. One is tempted to laugh at the ambassador's uxoriousness; but these domestic Englishmen were worth a good many Rousseauists, and the Revolution which they made reflected its authors; a fact which is rather too much overlooked by philosophic historians when they talk about the analogy between the two revolutions.

England was now at war with the Dutch, and the day after Whitelocke's squadron sailed they caught a Dutch skipper, who, being brought on deck, proved a queer, shrewd, not unamiable fish. Whitelocke begins a quaint dialogue with—"Skipper, whence art thou?" The skipper is a Flushinger, and thinks the war a bore. "We poor men give our Lords no thanks for it.—It is the pleasure of our Lords, but they are sufficiently cursed for it." Whitelocke: "God says you must not speak evil of your rulers." Skipper: "And God says our rulers must not do evil." Whitelocke, from motives of high policy, which he carefully sets forth, tells the skipper he may go free, fishing smack and all. Whereupon the skipper, who had been sweating and blubbering with fright, grasps the hand of the magnanimous Whitelocke, and bursts out: "Now the Lord bless thy Excellency (that grateful appellation did something for the skipper), I and my wife and children will pray for thee as long as we live. What! have all again when I expected not a pennyworth of them! There was never such an ambassador upon these seas. Now, I pray God bless thee, and bless thy wife and children, and bless the business thou goest about." Might not war spare skippers?

The voyage from Gravesend to Gottenburg

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took eight days. Off the coast of Denmark they had very rough weather, and the landsmen were awfully sea-sick, and repented of having left their safe houses, kind mothers, and comforts on shore, with all the solemnity usual in sea-sickness. The lamentations of one of them who complained that the ship *would lurch* and that the seamen *would not stop her*, are specially reported "for diversion sake." Whitelocke rose superior to the sickness, though he had it badly after an injudicious supper of eggs, and cheered his prostrate suit with majestic "drolling." One sees, however, through his language, which is instinct with almost Scriptural awe, that in those days, with ships like castellated tubs, the ocean had lost little of its primitive terrors. While the chaplains were sea-sick,

One Percall a sort of master's mate, prayed before Whitelocke and his company, as he done the last three days very well and honestly, much beyond expectation, God having bestowed on him extraordinary gifts in praying and expounding the Scriptures; and it were pity, especially at such a time and place, that they should be hid and not exercised. Though the man might want a cassock and silk girdle, the modesty, sobriety, and pious words of the man, made Whitelocke at this time very willing to join in this marinier's prayers.

The narrator is no fanatic. Surely there must have been something genuine in Puritanism, if, in spite of what a seaman's life then was, it could make a Percall out of a master's mate.

At Gottenburg, Whitelocke, not having been expected, could not be received with all the honors; but the Landsphere and other local authorities were very civil, and to Whitelocke's great satisfaction formally acknowledged the Commonwealth of England and the quality of its ambassador. This general complaisance saved another Dutch skipper that had been brought in by the *Elizabeth*, and begged hard to be released, but had untoward scruples about saying "your Excellence." Vice-Admiral Thysen, a Dutchman by birth, tried to make mischief about some other Dutch prizes, but Whitelocke's temper and discretion "spoiled his plot." Gottenburg was then, through the patronage of Gustavus, a rising sea-port; yet the inn in which the embassy lodged was wretched, the charges were exorbitant, the host took any attempt to beat him down as a personal affront, and the hostess grumbled at a very handsome douceur. "Whitelocke's lodging was between too feather beds, after the fashion of the country, which is light and warm but not so pleasing to Englishmen, who are not accustomed to it, as their rugs and blankets." The suit were reviewed and found all right after the seasickness, whereupon there

was a thanksgiving, and Whitelocke read them a set of orders for their conduct among a strange and rather riotous people, which are as good as if they had been made by a bishop.

Lagerfeldt, the Swedish resident at London, had flattered Whitelocke with hopes of finding the Queen at Gottenburg; she proved however, to be at Upsal, and the ambassador had before him a journey of more than 300 miles, over badish roads, and in a Swedish winter, to that place. The Gottenburg authorities pressed 100 light wagons and 100 saddle-horses for the embassy. The horses were small and rough, with bare wooden saddles, bits made of ram's-horn, rope bridles, and stirrups of withe. Whitelocke, however had brought his own horses. His state-coach of crimson velvet, drawn by six blacks, must have astonished the *dorf's* on the road. The journey, over solitary tracts, and by lakes and woods, pretty, according to Murray, in summer, but dreary in a Swedish winter, took twenty days, inclusive of Sundays, on which they religiously rested. The lodgings generally were wretched, Skara, though a bishop's see, being as bad as the rest; and the provisions were execrable, beef, which had died in the field, seeming to be the staple. Whitelocke seasoned this bad fare of his followers with discreet familiarity, a part of the art of government which he flatters himself he understands. A narrow road along the edge of a precipice on the side of Lake Mälaren, gave the English coachmen and postilions occasion to show that they "had mettle" and "were masters of their art." One of the suit broke his leg, and another his arm, which while travelling was still romantic, seems to have been a small "butcher's bill." Otherwise they met with no misadventure. The Praetor of Köping was so ill-advised as to talk about "tailors and cobblers who had killed their king," and a son of Salmasius, an officer in the Swedish army, whom they met by the way, was inclined to hold forth in the style of *Regii Sanguinis Clamor*; but Whitelocke put them both down with judgment and success. The embassy entered Upsal, at last in the midst of a snow-storm, escorted into the city by M. Vanderlin, the master of the ceremonies, and two senators, with a great crowd of people. To stand bowing to the ambassador of a regicide commonwealth, in the midst of a snow-storm, was rather a severe trial for a master of the ceremonies, and it seems to have proved too much for the temper of M. Vanderlin, who was somewhat "slight" and "careless" on the occasion.

Whitelocke was conducted to the best house in Upsal next to the palace, and introduced to two apartments, fitted up after the manner of ancient state, sumptuous, but rather stuffy.—

The rest of the house was ill-furnished ; the suite could get no beds, and were obliged to make up for the want of them by immense fires. In the procession upstairs, on the arrival of the embassy, the two senators omitted some of the forms, and clipped Whitelocke's title. He clipped their titles, and omitted to show them to their coaches in return. M. Vanderlin expostulated, but Whitelocke would not apologize, and he was quite right ; it was necessary to exact due respect for the *parvenu* republic. On a subsequent occasion, Vanderlin wanted Whitelocke to let the Danish ambassador go before him, and said that England had gone first while she was governed by a king. Whitelocke replied, that she should go first, " though she were governed by a constable ; " and the Danish ambassador had to be "uninvited," to prevent a collision.

At supper, on the first evening, there was a trial of Whitelocke's Puritan virtue. Vanderlin pressed him to drink healths after the northern fashion to the Commonwealth and Cromwell. Whitelocke steadily refused—This was one of the points on which he had made up his mind and cautioned his suite beforehand. Vanderlin sulked the rest of supper. Some time afterwards, on a Sunday night, after Whitelocke had heard too good sermons from his chaplain, a party of Swedish officers and gentlemen headed by General Horne, came into the market-place, before the embassy, and there knelt down and drank healths to the Queen, with drums and trumpets, sounding after each health, as they do at the carouse of the king in *Hamlet*. Whitelocke expresses contemptuous disgust.

On the third day after his arrival, Whitelocke went to court, with all his train in their state liveries, which he describes with frank delight ; himself " plain but extraordinary rich," his clothes and jewels being in all worth £1000. Christina received him in a room full of lights (it was two o'clock in a Swedish winter), with all her court about her. Whitelocke describes her as short and majestic, with a very noble manner, and a sprightly, though pale face. She was dressed in plain gray cloth, with a man's jacket, a black ribbon, tied in a sailor's knot, around her neck, and a cap, which she took off when Whitelocke took off his hat. Her only ornament was the red ribbon of the Order of Amaranta. The ambassador read her an address in the course of which she got up and came close to him, trying, as he supposed, to daunt him by her looks and gestures ; " but those who had been conversant in the late affairs in England were not so soon to be daunted by the presence of a young lady and her servants." Poor young lady !—The heroic blood of Vasa was fast running to madness in her veins. Charles XII. was soon to come ; and Christina herself was on the

edge of conversion to Popery, and the affair of Monaldeschi—a miserable fate for a daughter of Gustavus.

" Fire !—she is a soldier's child," said Gustavus, when she was two years old, and they were afraid of frightening her by firing a salute. Her amusements were hunting and shooting with pistols at a mark, and she disgraced a favorite courtier for submitting to an insult. Whitelocke treated her with judicious frankness, and evidently she liked him. He had many private interviews with her, and forgot his lameness, " as a wounded man in hot action forgets his wound," while he walked up and down talking to her. She made him tell over the story of the civil wars, and the " sudden marches " of Cromwell, whom she thought the first man of that day, Condé being next to him, but " short of him." She made shrewd remarks on the state of politics and religion in England, and inquired much about the country, which she evidently intended to visit. In these colloquies Whitelocke did justice to civil and religious liberty and credit to himself. She also talked on religious questions, but apparently without giving any hint that she intended to turn Roman Catholic, though she showed her sympathies by arguing that Roman Catholics were entitled to toleration. She rambled from topic to topic in a wild way, and flew from the English alliance to dogs and ciphers. We are surprised to find that her favorite classic was Petronius.

One evening at a court ball she suddenly insisted on Whitelocke's dancing with her, in spite of his years and lameness. The ambassador recalled his youth as well as he could, and hobbled through a set ; and Christina then told him that she had made him dance to see whether she was treating with gentlemen, the Dutch ambassador having maliciously assured her that there were no gentlemen in the Parliament party. She was now satisfied. In the end, she condescended to be Whitelocke's " mistress " on May-day, and accepted a collation at the embassy, at which she ate and drank very heartily of Mr. Whitelocke's good things.

Christina confided to Whitelocke her design of abdicating, and told him how philosophically happy she should be, and how she could contemn the extremities of fortune and contumely with one footman and a lady's maid. Whitelocke tried to dissuade her with nearly the same arguments that the fool uses to Lear. He also told her an apologue of a certain old gentleman in England, who was about to resign his estate into the hands of his son. The deed being ready, and the house full of company, the son found his old father smoking and spitting in the parlor, and told him he had better go and spit in the kitchen ; whereupon the old man refused to sign the deed, saying

that he would spit in the parlor as long as he lived. "To me," said Christina, "to be without the crown is to spit in the parlor." She found it otherwise, however, and tried to be queen again; but they thrust her back to her books and medals, and her biography of Alexander the Great. She wanted to have a secret article in the treaty empowering Cromwell to enforce the payment of her allowance and her other rights after her abdication, but Whitelocke persuaded her to be content with writing to the Protector, who, he said, would certainly do her right, for he was "a great friend to honor and justice," which must be set against some other things that Whitelocke says.

The treaty was turned over to Oxenstiern, Christina reserving it to herself to "strike the stroke," if he and Whitelocke could not agree. Whitelocke has given a fine description of the patriarch of Protestant statesmen and the chosen minister of Gustavus—the "great wise man" of Sweden, as Cromwell called him, and as Whitelocke evidently felt him to be. The diplomatic passages between them are full of dignity and sense. Oxenstiern talked of England, and drew Whitelocke to vindicate the stability and respectability of republican government. He respected Cromwell, though Christina thought he was jealous of him, as one who had succeeded in doing what the Chancellor himself had tried to do at her expense, but without success. He touched on the execution of Charles I, which he said was "minatory to all kings," though he commended the Puritans for doing their deed openly. Whitelocke put the question skilfully aside. In the intervals of negotiation, the Chancellor talked with pleasant garrulity of his eventful life. He had once, he said, been in disgrace, and he then found great happiness in retirement, and great comfort in his Bible. He exhorted Whitelocke to have recourse to the same source of comfort, and "never to doubt that he would be in favor again." The old man had feathered his nest pretty well. In a poor country where the crown was needy, one of his sons had £20,000 and another £10,000 a-year, besides his own great wealth. In this, as in other respects, he reminds us of Burleigh.

Oxenstiern could not be brought to conclude the treaty of alliance with England till peace was signed between England and Holland. In the meantime Cromwell became Protector, and fresh credentials were sent out to Whitelocke in his name. Whitelocke had new scruples, and doubted whether he ought not to be faithful to the Commonwealth; but, on the whole, wisely concluded that it was vain to be faithful to that which no longer existed. We must not laugh, with Mr. Carlyle, at these scruples of sincere constitutionalists; they may stand in the way of a rising hero, but they may also stand in the way of

a usurping rogue. Christina was delighted, and Oxenstiern was reassured. The Chancellor made wise remarks on the Protector's position, and especially on the necessity of governing in England, not arbitrarily, but according to law. Whitelocke gave an account of Cromwell's assumption of supreme power, which, if it is not to be taken diplomatically, perfectly absolves the Protector from all blame. The sensation created in the diplomatic world was evidently immense; and before Whitelocke's departure, all the North was cowering beneath the brandished thunderbolt which Cromwell at last launched on Spain.

The Spanish and French residents courted Whitelocke as their masters were courting Cromwell, the Spaniard being the most active. The Dutchman, of course, counterminded, till peace was signed. The Royalists gave little trouble. Sir William Ballendin, who had brought an offer of marriage from Charles Stuart to Christina, was insolent, but he had to apologize; and an anti-regicide mob which attacked the embassy, vanished at the report of a pistol. Whitelocke told Cromwell, before he left England, that he meant to behave civilly to Cavaliers; and Cromwell replied that by doing so he would offend no sober-minded man. The Russian ambassador plays no part in the European diplomacy. Being invited one morning to an audience of the Queen, he replies that the invitation had only reached him at ten o'clock, when he was already drunk with brandy. He afterwards has an audience, and behaves like a barbarian and a slave.

The treaty was at last signed, April 28, 1654. Whitelocke hopes it is to the honor of God, the interest of the Protestant cause, and the good of both nations therein concerned. Legally and commercially speaking, it is still in force, and Mr. Reeve notes that the list of articles contraband of war is still the same as it was made by that noble group of Vandyke figures in the old state-room of the Swedish Chancellor two hundred years ago. But the vital essence of the thing—the alliance between two great Protestant nations fighting for the liberties of the world is dead and gone—buried with Cromwell and Oxenstiern.

Sweden, in Whitelocke's pages, appears poor and comfortless—fit, therefore, to send forth conquerors of other countries. Whitelocke was told that he would not even have got his carion beef to eat on his journey, if it had not been a year of extraordinary plenty, for which there was a public thanksgiving. There seems to be a great desire for learning, but no money to pay professors. The eminent Ravius is very glad to receive from Whitelocke a present of £5.

At the wretched town of Skara, Whitelocke saw a school with 300 pupils, some of them thirty years of age. The Latin was canine.

The ecclesiastics seem very poor: the mouth of the archbishop of Upsal waters at the value of English livings. The gentry remind us of the Scotch lairds, with their hard drinking and punctilious self-importance. An absurdly pompous and expensive funeral which Whitelocke describes, recalls the splendid exequies which reduced to absolute beggary the falling house of Ravenswood. Old customs seem to be cherished, and Scandinavian forms are kept up at a court wedding. In one respect the Swedish gentlemen were unlike the Scotch: they were not very hospitable. Whitelocke only dined out once—with Eric Oxenstiern. But this may have arisen from repugnance to a Puritan and republican, or from the ambassador's refusal to conform to the bad custom of drinking healths.

The Swedes disgusted Whitelocke by their disregard of the Sabbath: they made it a day of fairs and junkettings, and the court gave balls. He expostulated with Christina on the subject, and, to her credit, his expostulation was taken in good part, and the Sunday balls were stopped. He spoke earnestly on this point and on the subject of national religion generally to Christina's successor, the wonderful Charles Gustavus, who also heard him with respect. A pious member of a Puritan congregation in London, sent him a fervent letter of thanks for the testimony he had borne to the cause of religion against Sabbath-breaking and drinking of healths.

Whitelocke did not behave like a sour Puritan. He took part readily in all innocent amusements, made himself as agreeable as he could to everybody, and was very hospitable at the embassy. He seems to have got on very well with the ladies. But he firmly upheld his principles, and took most paternal care of the morals of his suite. He strictly forbade them to go abroad at night, and took pains to amuse them with music, dancing, and Latin disputations (which were lively in those days) at home. They complained that they were made slaves. Whitelocke said that they were no slaves to him, for he observed the same laws himself that he laid down for them; and he would take care that they did not become slaves to sin and Satan. It is difficult to imagine how any one who thinks Christianity a practical thing can hate these Puritans and admire the Cavaliers.

The Swedish court was, of course, very unlike Versailles, but life there seems to have been gay. Manners were rather rough in the upper circles, to judge from the behavior before mentioned of General Horne and his friends; but there was an aspiration after the French "mode." The courtiers were well dressed, and most of the nobility lived at court. Of course there were gallantries; and Christina herself has a favorite, Grave Tott, though, like Elizabeth, she scorned marriage,

and inquired most respectfully after one of the Miss Whitelockes, who had refused several eligible offers. There appears to be a lack of money; at least the craving of the court officers and servants for fees and presents is great, perpetual, and shameless. Whitelocke was liberal in parting gifts. He gave the Queen some of his English horses, for which she indirectly begged. A prince of the blood had wistfully admired them before, but Whitelocke had turned a deaf ear to him. Christina gave Whitelocke £2000 worth of copper, and £1000 in jewels, which he thought he might well receive without stain to his republican virtue, as the presents he had given amounted to about the same value, and he had overspent his allowance. Hugh Peters had sent a present of a dog and a cheese by Whitelocke to Christina, which Whitelocke was shy of delivering, but the eccentric Queen received them with pleasure.

Before the ambassador left Upsal, he witnessed the abdication of Christina before the three estates of Sweden. The Chancellor, when the time came, refused to speak, because he had sworn to Gustavus that he would keep the crown on his daughter's head. So Christina had to speak for herself, which she did with self-possession, grace, and spirit. When she had ended, the Archbishop of Upsal and the Marshal of the Nobility harangued her for their respective estates. In the last place stepped forth the Marshal of the Boors, a genuine representative of the country party, in peasant dress and clouted shoes, not a Protectionist landlord, and without any "congees" expostulated in the name and phrase of the Boor estate against the abdication, bidding good madam "continue in her gears, and be the fore horse as long as she lived." He then waddled up to the Queen, shook her hand heartily, and kissed it, wiped his blubbering eyes "with a foul kerchief," and returned to his place. Christina and Whitelocke appreciated him.

On the 20th of May, the embassy left Upsal for Stockholm, its chief congratulating himself, not without reason, on the success of his mission, his diplomatic conduct and dinners, and the good name he left behind him. At Stockholm, Whitelocke was received with honor, and saw the lions, including military stores, which strike us as immense for the age, 800 captured standards, and the charger (stuffed) which Gustavus rode at Lutzen. Some of our readers have seen Wallenstein's Lutzen charger in his palace at Prague. Just as the embassy was embarking, Admiral Wrangel came from Upsal, with an account of Christina's final act of abdication, and the coronation of her successor. None of the courtiers would take off her crown. She appealed in vain to Baron Steinberg, and Grave Tott; at last she did it herself. As the new king returned from his

coronation, Christina looked out of the window, and, with a loud and cheerful voice, wished him joy of his accession.

Weighing anchor from Stockholm, under the parsimonious Swedish salute of two guns, Whitelocke had a rough voyage to Lubbeck, whence he travelled to Hamburg; and at both places received the burgher courtesies and hospitalities of the old Hanse Towns, finding all full of the fame of the Protector. At Hamburg, he had a narrow escape of his life from poison, as he suspected, given him at a banquet in a glass of beer, which was handed to him by a mysterious stranger. Before this he had, as he thought, narrowly escaped assassination by the hands of a strange groom, who contrived to mingle with the suite, when they embarked at Gravesend, and suddenly disappeared on the road from Gottenburg to Lubbeck. Dr. Whistler, with sweet oil of almonds, made all right at Hamburg. Whitelocke groans dreadfully, being very sensitive to pain, as he is also to hardship and discomfort. A Jew tendered his good offices, grateful perhaps for the favor shown by Cromwell to his race.

At Hamburg the embassy embarked in the *President* and the *Elizabeth*, for London. They were windbound at Gluckstadt, whence Whitelocke wrote to Christina, and where he received a visit from the governor of Holstein, who could scarcely recognize his Excellency in his "green baize sea-gown." Off the coast of Norfolk, Whitelocke's ship, owing to the recklessness of the sailors, struck on a sandbank, and he and his suite were all but lost. He has given a very fine narrative of this danger and preservation. The crew, on the whole, seem not to have behaved well; but in Whitelocke, and an old boatswain, religion rose above the fear of death.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following new book from the publishers:—

Poems, by Alice Cary. Ticknor and Fields: Boston.

[As specimens of this handsome volume, we copy several of the poems.]

IN THE SUGAR-CAMP.

UPON the silver beeches, moss
Was drawing quaint designs,
And the first dim eyed violets
Were greeting the March winds.
'Twas night—the fire of hickory wood
Burned warm, and bright, and high—
And we were in the Sugar-Camp,
Sweet Nelly Grey and I.

'Twas merry, though the willows yet
Had not a tassel on;
The blue-birds sung that year, I know,

On the 30th of June, Whitelocke cast anchor at Gravesend, and next day proceeded to his house at Chelsea, in cheerless weather, which the return to home made cheerful. Domestic raptures, pious exercises of praise and thanksgiving, under the conduct of Mr. Peters and Mr. Ingelo, with feasts and congratulations celebrate the happy end of the great and perilous enterprise, which in truth appears to Whitelocke a little greater and more perilous than it really was. A day or two after his arrival, the ambassador had an audience of the Protector, now installed at Whitehall, and was closely questioned by him about Christina, Charles Gustavus, Oxenstiern, and the state and institutions of Sweden, especially with reference to religion, which was evidently an essential object in the alliance. Whitelocke has reported this conversation; and it is clear, that whatever he might think or say about Cromwell, he treated him as a king when they met face to face. Afterwards the ambassador made a formal report of his mission, and delivered the treaty to the Council; and in a short time he was appointed First Commissioner of the Great Seal, and a Commissioner of the Exchequer. He was one of the chief personages at the Protector's inauguration, and if he had chosen he would have been made a Viscount. So that he was pretty well rewarded, though he is inclined to grumble.

A contemporary tells us, that Whitelocke's journal was reprinted, partly in consequence of the praise bestowed on it in conversation by Mr. Macaulay. We have reason to thank Mr. Macaulay, if it is so, for restoring to us a real treasure. Mr. Reeve has done his part well, though we should have been glad of a few more topographical and historical notes.

Before the snow was gone.
Through bunches of stiff, frosty grass
The brooks went tinkling by;—
We heard them in the Sugar-Camp,
Sweet Nelly Grey and I.

Broken and thin the shadows lay
Along the moonlit hill,
For like the wings of chrysalids
The leaves were folded still.
And so betwixt the times we heaped
The hickory wood so high,
When we were in the Sugar-Camp,
Sweet Nelly Grey and I.

I said I loved her—said I'd make
A cabin by the stream,
And we would live among the birds—
It was a pretty dream!
I could not see the next year's snow
Upon her bosom lie—
When we were in the Sugar-Camp,
Sweet Nelly Grey and I.

THE DYING MOTHER.

We were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew that she must die;
It was night within our bosoms—
It was night within the sky.

There were seven of us children—
I, the oldest one of all;
So I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knee my little brother
Leaned his aching brow and wept,
And my sister's long black tresses
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear
Came o'er me as I trod
To lay the burden of our grief
Before the throne of God.

Oh! be kind to one another,
Was my mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snow-flake
On the baby's golden hair.

Then a glory bound her forehead,
Like the glory of a crown,
And in the silent sea of death
The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was borne away
Upon that loving prayer,
And the hand grew heavier, paler,
In the baby's golden hair.

MY BROTHER.

The beech-wood fire is burning bright,
'Tis wild November weather—
Like that of many a stormy night
We've sat and talked together.

Such pretty plans for future years,
We told to one another—
I cannot choose but ask with tears,
Where are they now, my brother?

Where are they now, the dreams we dreamed,
That scattered sunshine o'er us,
And where the hills of flowers that seemed
A little way before us?

The hills with golden tops and springs,
Than which no springs were clearer?
Ah me, for all our journeys
They are not any nearer!

One, last year, who with sunny eyes
A watch with me was keeping,
Is gone;—across the next hill lies
The snow upon her sleeping.

And so alone, night after night.
I keep the fire a-burning,
And trim and make the candle bright,
And watch for your returning.

The clock ticks slow, the cricket tame
Is on the hearthstone crying,

And the old Bible just the same,
Is on the table lying.

The watch dog whines beside the door,
My hands forget the knitting—
Oh! shall we ever any more
Together here be sitting?

Sometimes I wish the winds would sink,
The cricket hush its humming,
The while I listened, for I think
I hear a footstep coming.

Just at it used so long ago;
My cry of joy I smother—
'Tis only fancy cheats me so,
And never thou, my brother!

OLD STORIES.

No beautiful star will twinkle
To-night through my window-pane,
As I list to the mournful falling
Of the leaves and the Autumn rain.

High up in his leafy covert
The squirrel a shelter hath;
And the tall grass hides the rabbit,
Asleep in the churchyard path.

On the hills is a voice of wailing
For the pale dead flowers again,
That sounds like the heavy trailing
Of robes in a funeral train.

Oh, if there were one who loved me—
A kindly and gray-haired sire,
To sit and rehearse old stories
To-night by my cabin fire—

The winds as they would, might rattle
The pane, or the trees so tall—
In the tale of a stirring battle,
My heart would forget them all.

Or, if by the embers dying,
We talked of the past, the while,
I should see bright spirits flying
From the pyramids of the Nile.

Echoes from harps long silent
Would troop through the aisles of time,
And rest on the soul like sunshine,
If we talked of bards sublime.

But, hark! did a phantom call me,
Or, was it the wind went by?
Wild are my thoughts, and restless,
But they have no power to fly.

In place of the cricket humming,
And the moth, by the candle's light,
I hear but the deathwatch drumming—
I've heard it the livelong night.

Oh for a friend who loved me—
Oh, for a gray-haired sire,
To sit with a quaint old story
To-night by my cabin fire!